Caerdroia, by Lloyd Rose

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[Part One]

(A peal of church bells.)
DOCTOR: Where are you? I know you're here. Tell me where you are. Tell me!
KRO'KA: Doctor!
DOCTOR: Where are you?
KRO'KA: Doctor!
DOCTOR: Mmm?
(The church bells fade.)
KRO'KA: Doctor.
DOCTOR: Just five more minutes
KRO'KA: Doctor, I will not
DOCTOR: Wait.
CHARLEY: Just shut up, Kro'Ka. Let him sleep.
KRO'KA: Ah, the always energetic Charley. And your fellow traveller C'Rizz. I must inform you, the Doctor cannot sleep in the Interzone.
C'RIZZ: Obviously he *can* sleep in the Interzone, since we're here and he's sleeping.
CHARLEY: Just leave him alone. What we've been through would exhaust anyone. There was
KRO'KA: I am *not* interested in your petty adventures.
CHARLEY: Then why do you keep sending us on them?
KRO'KA: Would you rather stay here, in this featureless nowhere, this blank nihilistic space, this no place where nothing ever happens?
C'RIZZ: It is welcomely peaceful.
CHARLEY: Mmm, nice to relax for a bit, actually. Why are you even offering us a choice? Usually you just shunt us through to the next zone in the queue.
KRO'KA: Silence!
C'RIZZ: All right, just let me get this clear. You want silence from us, but you want him to be awake, which will pretty much end any silence.
CHARLEY: Him being so naturally chatty.
C'RIZZ: So why do you. Ah, I think I see. So long as the Doctor sleeps, you can't move us from the Interzone.
CHARLEY: And I'll bet the people who pull your strings aren't too happy about that.
KRO'KA: Wake, Doctor!
CHARLEY: Well, that was effective. So, what's the game? Each of us has to be fully conscious to hop from one zone to another.
C'RIZZ: Or perhaps only the Doctor needs to be conscious.
CHARLEY: Hmm, what with his brain being so complicated. Sounds right to me.
C'RIZZ: What if the Kro'Ka tries to wake him by doing something really
CHARLEY: Really nasty? Oh, too risky. It might just drive the Doctor deeper into unconsciousness.
C'RIZZ: He looks very comfortable.
CHARLEY: Doesn't he.
C'RIZZ: Do you think he's dreaming?
CHARLEY: I expect so.
KRO'KA: Cease your prattle!
C'RIZZ: Are you still here?
CHARLEY: By the way, are you ever going to show yourself to us? Not that you sound as if you'd look like much.
C'RIZZ: Oh, don't mean to be rude. Perhaps you've only got a bad cold.
KRO'KA: I will take no more of your insolent chatter.

CHARLEY: Oh no? I think you may as well waddle off, or hop off, or whatever it is you do, because as long as the Doctor is asleep, you can't touch us. And he might sleep for hours, days even. And all the while your bosses are getting more and more impatient. They want to run us through the next maze.
KRO'KA: You have no idea what you're talking about.
CHARLEY: I think we have you over a barrel, Kro'Ka, old chap. How does it feel to be on the other end of the stick? How do you like being at our mercy for a
DOCTOR: Hello, everyone.
CHARLEY: Oh well, brief but glorious.
DOCTOR: Oh Charley, C'Rizz, I was having the most peculiar dream. Can't quite get hold of it. I was in some sort of labyrinth, I think, and there were bells
KRO'KA: Doctor!
DOCTOR: Oh, bother. Is he here? Where is here, anyway? It's rather featureless. Oh yes, the good old Interzone. We don't usually make a stopover. What's going on?
C'RIZZ: Well, you were sleeping, and we
KRO'KA: Doctor! It is time to move on.
DOCTOR: Just hang on a moment, will you? Yes, I was sleeping, so
CHARLEY: So you have to be conscious for us to travel between places.
DOCTOR: Ah. Of course. And Kro'Ka wants to get us out of here and on our way, doesn't he. Wants to keep on top of the job as Kro'Ka, because back at headquarters his masters are impatiently tapping their fingers, presuming they have any, looking at one another and thinking, this Kro'Ka, has he really got it any more? Is he the sort of fellow we want representing the old firm?
C'RIZZ: (sotto) Charlotte, I'm not really following this.
CHARLEY: (sotto) I'll explain later.
DOCTOR: Or is he just no longer with the programme. Is it time for a bit of downsizing? Shall we show Kro'Ka the door, or the pit, or the dungeon or the bottomless pool of unspeakable horrors, or whatever it is they'd show you before they booted you into it?
KRO'KA: You go too far, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Oh, I've got miles in me yet. Let's see. Why don't I just drop into a trance. That wouldn't suit you at all, would it. I'm lying here, keeping us stuck in the Interzone, and back at the office the minutes are ticking by, because there are minutes and they do tick by, even in a universe that can't tell the time.
KRO'KA: Ah, you've worked out some things, I see.
DOCTOR: More than you think, Kro'Ka. Enough to make your masters wonder why you haven't been keeping a sharper eye on us.
KRO'KA: Nonsense!
DOCTOR: Sense, I assure you. I'm filled with secrets now. Your secrets, their secrets, the secrets of this universe.
KRO'KA: You lie.
DOCTOR: Do I?
KRO'KA: You will tell me what you know.
(The Doctor hums as the Kro'Ka strains.)
DOCTOR: Not as simple as it was when I first got here, is it? I was confused then, wasn't ready for you. I wouldn't keep trying now, if I were you. You'll only break something in your head.
KRO'KA: Tell me what you know.
DOCTOR: No, I don't think so.
KRO'KA: Tell me!
DOCTOR: Can't.
KRO'KA: Your petty defiance is useless. I will find out your secrets.
DOCTOR: No, you won't.
KRO'KA: Yes, I will.
DOCTOR: No, you won't.
KRO'KA: Yes, I will.
DOCTOR: Won't.
KRO'KA: Will.
DOCTOR: Won't.

KRO'KA: Will.
DOCTOR: Won't.
KRO'KA: Will.
DOCTOR: Will.
KRO'KA: Won't! Wait! I!
DOCTOR: Amazing how that one always works.
KRO'KA: I still have some power over you, Doctor! You toy with me at your peril.
DOCTOR: Ah, I'm sorry, we'll have to continue this conversation later. I must go into a trance now.
KRO'KA: Stop!
DOCTOR: Bye.
CHARLEY: Huh, out like a light.
KRO'KA: You will not escape me, Doc
(Squelch sound.)
C'RIZZ: He's gone.
CHARLEY: Oh.
C'RIZZ: That was a very convincing trance.
DOCTOR: Just a very short one.
CHARLEY: Well, he'll be back soon. Let's go.
DOCTOR: Where? There's no place in the Interzone he couldn't find us.
CHARLEY: Well then, out, to another zone.
DOCTOR: Through what door?
CHARLEY: Oh.
C'RIZZ: I don't see a way out.
DOCTOR: No, I'm sure that's Kro'Ka's doing. As he said, he's not entirely without power here.
CHARLEY: Is the portal gone?
DOCTOR: It's only invisible, I think, but we can hardly stumble about hoping we'll bump into it. No, I've another idea. I Ah!
CHARLEY: What's wrong?
DOCTOR: I'm not sure. Ah! This is a strange place. It's not
(Church bells.)
DOCTOR: Tell me, I don't remember. Did I fall asleep as soon as we entered the zone?
CHARLEY: Almost collapsed on your face. C'Rizz and I had to catch you. Oh Doctor, what is it?
DOCTOR: It's pulling at me.
C'RIZZ: What's pulling at you?
DOCTOR: Ah!
C'RIZZ: Have you seen this before?
CHARLEY: Well, it looks like Time sickness, but there's no Time here.
DOCTOR: Yes.
C'RIZZ: But that's impossible.
DOCTOR: I know what I feel. It's tearing at me!
CHARLEY: Doctor, it can't be Time, you know that. What else can cause
DOCTOR: There's nothing else.
CHARLEY: Oh, don't get up. Wait.
C'RIZZ: Catch him.
DOCTOR: The Kro'Ka will be back. I have to be ready for him.
C'RIZZ: Doctor?
CHARLEY: He's gone. Not to worry. These trances heal him somehow.
C'RIZZ: Why didn't he show any symptoms earlier?
CHARLEY: I don't know. Perhaps whatever it is takes time to affect his system.
C'RIZZ: I don't feel any different.
CHARLEY: No, it's only him.
C'RIZZ: How can anything but Time cause this?
CHARLEY: I don't know. But it can't, can it, so it isn't.
DOCTOR: Hello.
C'RIZZ: Oh. Welcome back.
CHARLEY: How are you?

DOCTOR: I'm good for another several hours now. I imagine I'm going to need them.
CHARLEY: Why? What's going to happen?
DOCTOR: I suspect the Kro'Ka will attempt to break into my mind. Listen, both of you. I'm going to try something. It will look a bit unpleasant, but I'll only be faking, so not to worry.
CHARLEY: But what if something goes wrong? What if you're not faking and we can't tell? Then what?
DOCTOR: Good point. I don't know.
CHARLEY: Oh, but Doc
DOCTOR: Shh, shh. He's coming.
(Squelch sound.)
KRO'KA: Ah, I see you are awake, Doctor. Flee into a trance if you will, it shall avail you nothing. For I have the mind blast.
DOCTOR: Oh dear, the mind blast. Really.
KRO'KA: You will soon stop laughing.
DOCTOR: I'm not laughing, I'm sneering. A distinction perhaps too subtle for you. Honestly, Kro'Ka, don't you lot have a file on me? I've lost count of mind shredders, mind graters, mind peelers, mind scramblers, mind boilers and all the other types of mind devices with cooking programme names that have been tried on me. You're not dealing with an amateur here.
KRO'KA: You will find the mind blast to be quite different.
DOCTOR: They all say that.
KRO'KA: You will beg for mercy.
DOCTOR: Promises, promises.
CHARLEY: Doctor.
KRO'KA: Very well, Doctor. See if you can withstand this.
(High pitched noise. It hurts the Doctor.)
CHARLEY: Doctor!
C'RIZZ: Charlotte, he told us not to
CHARLEY: But what if he was wrong?

(Faint background of church bells as the Doctor groans.)
KRO'KA: I am in your mind now, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Not quite.
KRO'KA: No, I see you still have defences. They will fall. You are an arrogant fool, Doctor. This is another universe. It contains forces you've never dreamed of. Pain you have never imagined! First barrier down.
DOCTOR: Stop!
KRO'KA: So soon? With so many doors still to break through? (laughs) You are indeed a complex creature. How many levels are there? How many more defences to shatter?
DOCTOR: No, stop! Stop!

C'RIZZ: He seems all right.
CHARLEY: Kro'Ka's gone quiet. Are they both in a trance?
C'RIZZ: I think they're both in the Doctor's mind.
CHARLEY: Then it doesn't matter how all right he seems out here, who know what he's going through inside.

DOCTOR: No!
KRO'KA: Only one more level, Doctor. One more thin, weak wall to break through.
DOCTOR: No, no!
KRO'KA: Too late, Doctor. The wall has fallen. I am in your mind!
DOCTOR: Got you.

(The Doctor laughs.)
C'RIZZ: Is he smiling?
CHARLEY: He's laughing.

(The Doctor's voice wanders around the area, a different place for nearly every sentence.)
DOCTOR: So that's what you look like. Can't say I'm very impressed. Still, I thought you'd resemble a frog, so I suppose this is an improvement.
KRO'KA: Where, where
DOCTOR: Please, please, don't say where am I. It's such a cliché. Anyway, you know perfectly well where you are. You worked hard enough to get here.
KRO'KA: You tricked me!
DOCTOR: Got it in one. I thought I was rather good. People have told me I ought to be an actor. Considering my lifespan, I suppose there's still time. I see you winced at the word time.
KRO'KA: Show yourself! Where are you?
DOCTOR: Oh, I'm around. You might say I'm everywhere. This is my mind, after all. How do you like it? All mod cons, you know.
KRO'KA: What's that?
DOCTOR: Hmm? Oh. It's a scrap of cheese. How untidy. I'm terribly sorry. There are parts of this place I don't visit very often. There, it's gone.
KRO'KA: How did you defeat the mind blast?
DOCTOR: Mind nudge was more like it. You know, Kro'Ka, I'm beginning to have my doubts about how sophisticated these Divergents masters of yours really are.
KRO'KA: They are technologically more advanced than you can imagine.
DOCTOR: I rather doubt that.
KRO'KA: And have many interrogation devices that are more powerful than the one I used. But they don't want to damage you. Yet.
DOCTOR: Yes, that sounds reasonable. It might be true, but you know what I think? I think you had to pinch a low grade mind probing thingy because they didn't give you permission for that little experiment with my brain.
KRO'KA: Don't be ridiculous.
DOCTOR: I tried not to, but I just can't stop. Perhaps I should join a twelve step programme.
KRO'KA: Must you keep babbling?
DOCTOR: That's an existential question, Kro'Ka, and I can't answer it. Now let me ask you one. What do the Divergents want with me?
KRO'KA: What makes you think I will tell you?
DOCTOR: Do you like it here?
KRO'KA: What?
DOCTOR: Here. Do you like it? You see, I find it very homely, but then I'm so used to it. I'd like to hear a visitor's impressions.
KRO'KA: Your taunts don't deter me, and they hide your fear. Now that I am here, I will find the information I want. You cannot keep me here with your distracting prattle.
DOCTOR: Wait, wait, wait, wait. Not that way.
KRO'KA: Bah. Misdirection, Doctor? Clearly this is the way I should. Oh!
DOCTOR: I did warn you. Don't jump like that. You don't know where you'll land.
KRO'KA: What was that?
DOCTOR: A carnival fun slide. Did you like it? Children are very fond of them. I enjoy the occasional ride myself.
KRO'KA: I will defeat you, Doctor!
DOCTOR: How, exactly? And watch out.
KRO'KA: That wasn't there before.
DOCTOR: So that's where the pit got to. I've been wondering.
KRO'KA: What's down there?
DOCTOR: Oh, all sorts of things. Come on. Give me your er. Give me your hand.
KRO'KA: No!

DOCTOR: You're no fun at all.
KRO'KA: (sighs) Is the rest of your mind like this?
DOCTOR: You mean full of surprises? Oh, yes. I astonish myself sometimes. It's such a big place, and so old. Naturally, one forgets things. Just the other day I discovered there was a croquet court in here. What do you suppose I ever did with that? After all, there's a perfectly good croquet court in the Tardis. When I play mental games, I usually prefer maths puzzles. Would you like to see the equations room?
KRO'KA: No.
DOCTOR: You don't want to do anything, do you. Why did you even come here? You thought it would be different, didn't you? What did you expect, a room with a stack of boxes? An endless row of files? A library containing a book entitled All The Doctor's Secrets, Abridged? Or was I supposed to be writhing on some sort of floor, ready to tell you anything? I bet it was the last one. Your imagination seems to run to the hackneyed.
KRO'KA: Do you plan to imprison me here?
DOCTOR: Keep you in my mind? I would find that extremely unpleasant. No. Just answer a few questions and you can pop off.
KRO'KA: And what if I will not?
DOCTOR: Listen to me, Kro'Ka. I don't know this universe very well yet, but some things transcend all realities. You are an employee, and you probably behave like employees everywhere. Take home the pens and so forth. A bit of a fiddle here, a bit of a fiddle there. You've already as good as admitted sneaking away with that so-called mind probe. What else what there, hmm? An embezzlement, perhaps? I wonder how your bosses will feel about that?
KRO'KA: You will never tell them. I know some things about you too, Doctor. You're never cruel. You know what your betrayal would mean for me.
DOCTOR: Yes, I think I do.
KRO'KA: Then you will never expose me.
DOCTOR: No, I never will. But you might.
KRO'KA: What do you mean?
DOCTOR: Simply this. If you don't help me out, I'll erase all your memories of your little transgressions. I can do it. And you'll know those memories are missing, so you'll spend the rest of your career, which I imagine will be a short one, wondering what petty crimes you've committed against your employers, and how you covered them up. You won't remember the lies you told to hide your tracks, and sooner or later you'll find yourself caught in a contradiction. Suspicions will arise, investigations will be made. Do I need to go on?
KRO'KA: You would never do this.
DOCTOR: I can take a lot myself, but my conscience tends to become flexible when innocents like my companions are threatened.
KRO'KA: You, you would never
DOCTOR: You're right, perhaps I wouldn't. But you can't be absolutely sure, can you.
KRO'KA: What do you want to know?
DOCTOR: I've already told you.
KRO'KA: As soon as you act on the information, they will know from whom it must have come. I tell you truly, with all your centuries of experience, you cannot imagine what they will do to me!
DOCTOR: Oh. All right, then. I'll ask questions to which I might eventually have worked out the answers myself.
KRO'KA: I am in your debt.
DOCTOR: Yes, until the next time you have the upper hand. Never mind. What happened to my Tardis? Does it still exist?
KRO'KA: Yes.
DOCTOR: Where? (no reply) Then let's move on. Tell me about the Interzone. Is the progression through it linear, or is it a central station for travel between all the little area the Divergents have lumped onto this planet?
KRO'KA: Whenever you pass between them, you must go through the Interzones.

DOCTOR: So it has numerous portals, probably millions. That's interesting.
KRO'KA: There are no places where they cannot find you.
DOCTOR: Yes. Wasn't what I was thinking about. They run things from here? Or are there branch offices on another world?
KRO'KA: From another world.
DOCTOR: Which one?
KRO'KA: What it calls itself will not mean anything to you.
DOCTOR: What do the Divergents call it? Come on, Kro'Ka. What does it matter? The name won't help me find it.
KRO'KA: They call it Caerdroia.
DOCTOR: Oh, really. How terribly cosmopolitan of them. On Earth it means the Fortress of Many Turnings. A maze. It's Welsh, by the way. I didn't think they'd been to Wales.
KRO'KA: They borrow many words from other cultures. Words that describe certain things more subtly and precisely than in their own language.
DOCTOR: Why do they call it that?
KRO'KA: If you ever get there, you will see. Please, do not press me on this.
DOCTOR: All right. How can I elude the Divergents, jam their monitoring devices?
KRO'KA: You cannot.
DOCTOR: Kro'Ka!
KRO'KA: I am telling the truth. They can always track you. Biologically, you are unlike anything in this universe. By your heartbeats alone they will always find you, and by the residue of Time that surrounds you like a mist.
DOCTOR: Does it?
KRO'KA: It's too faint for you to feel, but to them it is a vivid aura.
DOCTOR: They can see it but I can't. You know what it's been like for me since I came here? They might as well have lopped off an arm. You want to torture me? This is torture. And as long as I'm in this universe, it will never ever end. And I will be in this universe forever. What can you or they do to me that could possibly be worse that this?
KRO'KA: There are things
DOCTOR: Don't tell me I can't imagine them.
(Background of a double heartbeat.)
DOCTOR: Never mind, Kro'Ka. You're just a fool, that's all. Tell me, if I were by any chance to stumble into Caerdroia, how would I know it? Is it a desert, or one of these indeterminate areas filled with fog, a water world, a series of endless hallways? What?
KRO'KA: I can't
DOCTOR: I am getting tired of this game, Kro'Ka. Tell me.
KRO'KA: It, it, it has a castle.
DOCTOR: Thank you. That's very helpful. Now, what if I happen to arrive at one of the several billion spots on the planet where the castle isn't?
KRO'KA: The castle is everywhere.
DOCTOR: Everywhere? That's intriguing. There's a castle in the Earth Grail legends, you know, that revolves so that it turns to face all the land around it in a single day. But if you were inside the castle, it would be easy to think the land, the whole world, revolves around you. You don't know what I'm talking about, do you.
KRO'KA: This castle does not revolve.
DOCTOR: Doesn't revolve, but is everywhere. I see. What's inside it? Ah. The Divergents. Their home office, so to speak. If you've been lying to me, Kro'Ka, you have made a very big mistake. Because sooner or later your Divergents and I are going to meet, and if I find out you've misled me, I'll tell them all about this conversation.
KRO'KA: It's all the truth, I swear.
DOCTOR: On what, your honour, your soul? You're beginning to wear on me, Kro'Ka. I don't like having you in my mind. You've tracked in mud. Let's end this

visit, shall we?
KRO'KA: What do you argh!

CHARLEY: Doctor, are you all right?
DOCTOR: As right as rain, what ever that means.
C'RIZZ: You were unconscious for a long while.
DOCTOR: It's one of those sayings that makes no sense, like safe as houses. That one's always puzzled me. I mean, houses aren't safe. Look at the three little pigs.
CHARLEY: He's a bit woozy.
C'RIZZ: What does woozy mean?
CHARLEY: The way he's behaving. Doctor, snap out of it. What happened? Where's the Kro'Ka?
DOCTOR: Kro'Ka. Yes! Yes, he won't be bothering us for a bit. Sleeping it off.
CHARLEY: Did he hurt you?
DOCTOR: Hardly. He was the one who did all the talking.
C'RIZZ: So he told you the way out of here?
DOCTOR: Ah, well, no.
CHARLEY: You didn't forget to ask.
DOCTOR: Of course not. There were just some questions he was too terrified to answer, with good reason. I didn't want to turn him over to the mercy of the Divergents.
CHARLEY: Somehow I doubt they have much mercy.
DOCTOR: No.
C'RIZZ: So, how do we get out?
DOCTOR: We wait for me to get sick again.
CHARLEY: I'm sorry?
C'RIZZ: From this Time Sickness that isn't a Time Sickness?
DOCTOR: I told you, nothing else could cause it.
C'RIZZ: But this is a universe without Time.
CHARLEY: Oh!
DOCTOR: Exactly.
C'RIZZ: Please, could one of you tell me what's happening?
CHARLEY: Oh, you said it yourself. This is a universe without Time. No one in any of the places we've been even knows the word, except the Divergents.
C'RIZZ: I don't see how that helps us.
DOCTOR: One thing I did learn from Kro'Ka. The Interzone is a clearing station for all movement between the Divergent's worlds.
C'RIZZ: They have more than one?
CHARLEY: So that means there are multiple portals.
DOCTOR: But only one through which Time could leak.
CHARLEY: And that one leads to the Divergents.
C'RIZZ: But how can we find it?
DOCTOR: The nearer I get to it, the worse I feel.
CHARLEY: Oh, that's a splendid plan.
DOCTOR: I'm not particularly fond of it myself. Feel free to suggest alternatives. If you think of any, let me know.
C'RIZZ: But if you get ill as you approach the correct portal, won't actually going through it make you even worse? It might even be fatal.
DOCTOR: I don't think so. The Interzone is without Time. I'm being pulled between that and the presence of Time in the other world. Once I'm out of here, I'll be in synch and there won't be a problem.
CHARLEY: If your theory is correct.
DOCTOR: It is.
CHARLEY: Sometimes your theories are wrong, you know.
DOCTOR: At the moment I fail to remember any examples. Anyway, we have no choice. The Kro'Ka will soon be up and about, and ready to toss us out of here, and you can be sure we won't end up in the same world as the Divergents.
C'RIZZ: Or you could sleep again.
DOCTOR: Not for ever. There's no food or water here. We have to leave.

C'RIZZ: How long do you think it'll be before the illness strikes.
DOCTOR: Argh! Oh! I think that was it.
(Church bells.)
CHARLEY: Are you all right?
DOCTOR: Well, of course I'm not all right. I'm being torn between temporal extremes.
CHARLEY: I meant are you
DOCTOR: Dying? No, no, though it really feels like it. Ah, this is
C'RIZZ: What can we do?
CHARLEY: Nothing. (the Doctor groans.) Oh Doctor, at least let me.
DOCTOR: Oh, don't touch me.
CHARLEY: Oh, this is terrible. I can't watch him suffer like this. And what if the Kro'Ka comes. He's so vulnerable. Doctor, what are you doing? Don't get up.
DOCTOR: Help me.
C'RIZZ: He must be er, sensing the location of the portal.
CHARLEY: Oh, help me lift him. We can brace him between us.
DOCTOR: This way. Argh.
C'RIZZ: Sorry. The faster we find the portal, the sooner his pain will stop.
CHARLEY: We can't drag him.
DOCTOR: Argh. Faster.
CHARLEY: Oh no.
DOCTOR: Out longer.
CHARLEY: Can you run?
DOCTOR: Let's see. Argh. To the left. To the left.
KRO'KA: Doctor. Ah, ah, ah. You can't escape.
DOCTOR: You wanna bet? Straight ahead now.
KRO'KA: Doctor.
DOCTOR: Hurry, hurry.
KRO'KA: Doctor.
DOCTOR: Hurry!
C'RIZZ: Oh, he's fainted.
CHARLEY: We must be right in front of it. Come on!
C'RIZZ: I can see something. A green window.
DOCTOR: It's the portal. The green is the other side. Let me get up.
CHARLEY: Oh, it's only a few more yards.
C'RIZZ: We're here.
KRO'KA: I have you now.
CHARLEY: Wrong again. C'Rizz, now!
(Whoosh.)

(Birdsong.)
CHARLEY: Oh, we're safe.
DOCTOR: Safe as houses, idiotic phrase.
(Then the Doctor speaks from another location.)
DOCTOR: You know, I think I just realised the possible origin of that. It might trace back to an economic recession on nineteenth century Earth when only real estate didn't depreciate.
(A cow moos. The Doctor speaks from another place.)
DOCTOR: Oh dear.
C'RIZZ: Oh.
CHARLEY: Please tell me I'm hallucinating.
DOCTOR: Interworld portals don't cause hallucinations.
C'RIZZ: Why would you want to be hallucinating anyway?
DOCTOR: I'm afraid it's true, Charley. There are three of me.

[Part Two]

(Cow bells as well as cows lowing.)
CHARLEY: This is not good.

DOCTOR: Not good, she says.
DOCTOR: I thought we were taller.
C'RIZZ: How did this happen?
DOCTOR: I mean, I've looked in mirrors, of course, but they can be misleading.
DOCTOR: I believe it may have happened because
DOCTOR: Well obviously it's owing to the passage from a place that's Timeless to a world that isn't. I literally was torn apart.
CHARLEY: Oh dear. I hope this isn't going to be like one of those Edgar Allan Poe stories where there's a good twin and an evil twin, and the evil twin
DOCTOR: Don't talk nonsense. This can hardly be good twin evil twin when there are three of us. Clearly I got the brains, that one got the brain damage and you, what did you get?
DOCTOR: The manners.
DOCTOR: It's quite pretty here.
CHARLEY: Yes, it looks like Switzerland.
C'RIZZ: What are those?
CHARLEY: Cows.
DOCTOR: Now I have cattle. Doesn't get much better than this.
CHARLEY: Will you put a sock in it?
C'RIZZ: They don't look anything like what my people call cattle. Well, ours are small and scaly and lay eggs.
DOCTOR: (laughing) Sounds more like hens. Except for the scales, of course.
CHARLEY: Cows give us milk.
C'RIZZ: What's that?
DOCTOR: Perhaps you'd better not have any. You're probably lactose intolerant.
DOCTOR: Look, they like being scratched behind the ears. Where's he going?
CHARLEY: Off in a huff. Didn't like being told to shut up. I think it's pretty clear what's happened here, Doctor. These other two are modes of your personality.
DOCTOR: I'm sorry?
CHARLEY: Modes of your personality. You're sort of you when you're normal, and this one is you when you're in one of your ahem, abstracted moods, and that other one
DOCTOR: I'm not like that.
CHARLEY: Well, he is a bit irritable, but
DOCTOR: I'm not like either of them. That one doesn't even seem to be in the real world.
CHARLEY: Er.
DOCTOR: Let's drop this subject. This is a dell. We'll climb up a hill and we'll get our bearings.
DOCTOR: (distant) Come and have a look at this.
CHARLEY: Looks like you've already thought of that. Do the three of you share thoughts, then?
DOCTOR: Not as such. We're not telepathically linked, but obviously our minds work along similar lines. We're likely to come up with the same ideas.
C'RIZZ: The cows are coming too.
DOCTOR: Yes, they're very curious animals. I mean, they have a lot of curiosity. I was once sleeping in a field. I don't remember why. I'm sure there was a good reason. And I woke up and there was a circle of cows around me. Very friendly they seemed.
C'RIZZ: Good.
CHARLEY: Oh, they're harmless, C'Rizz.
DOCTOR: Unless they stampede. You know, they get together, they run you over. I've never had it happen myself, which is odd considering all the things I've had happen to me, but can't be very pleasant.
C'RIZZ: No.
CHARLEY: These sort of cows don't stampede, C'Rizz.
C'RIZZ: What sort of cows do?
DOCTOR: Angry ones.
CHARLEY: Mostly ones in the American West. They have long horns.

DOCTOR: Of course, it's the hooves you've got to be worried about.
CHARLEY: I think we should change the subject.
DOCTOR: Oh, good grief. Why did you bring the cows?
CHARLEY: They followed us.
C'RIZZ: With unknown intent.
DOCTOR: All of you, I think it would be best if we forgot about the cows.
C'RIZZ: But they're so, well, present.
DOCTOR: Ignore them. So ,what does this place look like?
CHARLEY: Still very pretty. There's a river and a town
ALL DOCTORS: But no castle.
CHARLEY: Should there be?
DOCTOR: Yes, there should.
DOCTOR: Otherwise somehow, in spite of following the Time leak, we've come to the wrong world.
CHARLEY: You don't feel anything now.
DOCTOR: Of course not. I can't be pulled between two locations if I'm *in* one of them.
CHARLEY: I wasn't talking to you.
DOCTOR: Then to whom were you talking, the Doctor?
CHARLEY: The original one.
DOCTOR: I beg your pardon?
DOCTOR: It is a problem.
DOCTOR: Conversational confusion and all that.
CHARLEY: We need different names. You be Tigger.
TIGGER: Tigger? Tigger's always my favourite.
CHARLEY: And you be Eeyore.
(Confused? Search for A A Milne and his Winnie the Pooh books.)
EEYORE: Are you implying something?
DOCTOR: I think it would be best if we split up. C'Rizz, you go with him.
TIGGER: Delighted!
CHARLEY: What?
DOCTOR: And you, Charley, go with him.
CHARLEY: But that's
EEYORE: Who put you in charge?
DOCTOR: All right, all right, all right, fine. We'll vote. All who want C'Rizz to go with, er, with him. Three in favour.
CHARLEY: You oughtn't to vote.
DOCTOR: I had to vote to break the tie. I'll go searching for the mayor or whoever governs the town. C'Rizz, the two of you go that way
C'RIZZ: What's out there?
EEYORE: We don't know. That's why he's sending you to find out.
CHARLEY: Oh, this is going to be fun.
EEYORE: What?
CHARLEY: Nothing. And what about us?
DOCTOR: I think you should investigate the town.
CHARLEY: Well, where do we meet again?
DOCTOR: The place must have a central square or something of the sort. We'll meet there in, let's see, three hours. All right, off you go.

TIGGER: I always enjoy exploring a new place.
C'RIZZ: Well, it looks peaceful.
TIGGER: Yeah, that's no fun, is it.
C'RIZZ: Well
TIGGER: What's that down there? That walled enclosure.
C'RIZZ: It's fairly large. I can see grass and trees.
TIGGER: Who knows if it's a park. Let's find out. I see the cows are still with us.
C'RIZZ: Yes.
TIGGER: They must like you.
C'RIZZ: Yes.
TIGGER: It's quite a high wall. Hmm, not quite sure how I feel about those

spikes on the top. Here's a gate.
C'RIZZ: And a sign.
TIGGER: The Garden of Curiosities. Excellent!
(Gate opens.)
C'RIZZ: Doctor, wait. What if they're harmful curiosities? What if they try to
(Moo!)
C'RIZZ: Never mind.
(Gate closes. Trudging through the park.)
C'RIZZ: Doctor.
TIGGER: Come and have a look at this.
C'RIZZ: What is that?
TIGGER: I've absolutely no idea.
C'RIZZ: Its fur is nice, fluffy and red.
TIGGER: Yes, a beautiful shade. Crimson. No, no, no. Perhaps scarlet. No, that's not quite it. Possibly
C'RIZZ: It's not moving.
TIGGER: This is wonderful. I've never seen anything like it. You don't know how rarely that happens to me.
C'RIZZ: I'm very happy for you.
TIGGER: Look at it, look at it.
C'RIZZ: It's not very active.
TIGGER: No.
C'RIZZ: Perhaps it's asleep.
TIGGER: Yeah, possibly. Hello? Are you asleep?
C'RIZZ: It may be deaf?
TIGGER: You're right. I'll just give it a tiny nudge.
C'RIZZ: Are you sure it's not dead?
TIGGER: It's definitely not. Look, you can see it breathing. Beautiful, isn't it?
C'RIZZ: But not very interesting.
TIGGER: Well, no.
C'RIZZ: Perhaps we could find some curiosities that are actually moving?
TIGGER: Right. Wonders yet to come.

(Rings small counter bell. A Welshman answers.)
EVANS: Yes?
DOCTOR: Hello. I must say, this place is rather confusing. There seems to be a very small staff. Actually, I haven't seen anyone but you.
EVANS: We have quite a large staff. They happen to be taking their breaks right now.
DOCTOR: All at once?
EVANS: May I help you?
DOCTOR: I hope so. I just landed on your planet and would appreciate a meeting with whoever's in charge.
EVANS: Well, that's not my department. You need to go to Visits Authorisation.
DOCTOR: Oh, all right. Where is it?
EVANS: Go to the end of the hall, turn left, turn left again, only not into the small corridor, be sure it's the large one, then go down the stairs, then bear right, not the sharp right, you understand and then go down the stairs again. No, no, I forgot. There's some remodelling going on down there. All right, you retrace your steps, then this time you go down the small corridor, only you turn right, of course, and when you come to the end there's a door marked Emergency Way Out. Ignore that, the alarms have been broken for months, and you go through that and take two more immediate rights and then you go through the double doors and it's the third door on the right. I mean the left. Sorry. You can't miss it.
DOCTOR: The door wouldn't by any chance have a name on it?
EVANS: Well, it did until our last reorganisation, when all the old names were taken down. The new ones aren't up yet.
DOCTOR: I see. Um, er, well, thank you.

(Horse drawn vehicles.)
CHARLEY: It looks innocuous enough.
EEYORE: Tuh, this is only the surface. It could be nothing but a thin veneer over a cauldron of seething evil.
CHARLEY: I don't think you can have a veneer over a cauldron.
EEYORE: I could tell you stories about benign looking worlds that turned out. What?
CHARLEY: I think you mixed your metaphors.
EEYORE: I can tell this is going to be a delightful escapade.
CHARLEY: I was only saying.
EEYORE: Well, don't.
CHARLEY: I can't believe someone like you is part of
EEYORE: And I can't believe the other two tolerate you as a travelling companion.
CHARLEY: Oh!
EEYORE: Of course, one of them is slightly barmy.
CHARLEY: You, he, is not barmy, only a bit distracted sometimes.
EEYORE: Yes, distracted. It's a wonder I haven't been killed while going all gooey over some beautiful new flower.
CHARLEY: It could still happen.
EEYORE: Not to me.
CHARLEY: Oh no, never catch you admiring a flower.
EEYORE: Waste of time.
CHARLEY: Speaking of time, isn't that a clock?
EEYORE: It can't be, not in this universe.
CHARLEY: But it looks exactly like a cuckoo clock.
EEYORE: Erected in the town square like some sort of monument, I imagine.
CHARLEY: Do you suppose it's to commemorate when they actually had Time here ages ago?
EEYORE: There was never any time here. I'd have found traces. It has to have been put up by someone outside this universe.
CHARLEY: Or by the Divergents.
EEYORE: Yes. This is becoming interesting, isn't it. Let's take a closer look.
(Footsteps.)
EEYORE: No hands, but a door for the cuckoo. Strange.
CHARLEY: It's almost as big as a house.
EEYORE: I wonder what's inside?
CHARLEY: Do you really want to know?
EEYORE: What a ridiculous question. We find an allusion to linear linear time in a reality where there is no linear time. Obviously we have to explore it.
CHARLEY: Obviously.
EEYORE: Of course, you don't have to come.
CHARLEY: When have I ever not come with you? I have never ever let you down, and you know it.
EEYORE: Come along, then. Hmm, there doesn't seem to be a door except for the one for the cuckoo.
CHARLEY: What are you doing?
EEYORE: What does it look like I'm doing. The only way in is that upper door. Come on if you're coming. It's not difficult. There are footholds between the shingles.
(Moments later.)
CHARLEY: Well, here we are.
EEYORE: Mmm, no door handle.
CHARLEY: Cuckoo clock doors never have handles. What's the point?
EEYORE: Thank you so much for explaining that. We'll just have to pry it open.
CHARLEY: What with?
EEYORE: Here's an unsteady board. Help me pull it loose.
(Cracking of wood.)
CHARLEY: Right, now what. Wedge it in here?
EEYORE: Yes, like a lever. Now push.

(Creak.)
EEYORE: There, good. That's got it open a few inches. We should be able to do the rest on our own. Slowly now, we don't want any
(Thud, Cuck-oo!)
EEYORE: Argh!
CHARLEY: Doctor, are you hurt?
EEYORE: No. A bit surprised, naturally.
CHARLEY: Well, it is the usual thing for a cuckoo clock to have a cuckoo.
EEYORE: It's also the usual thing for a cuckoo clock to have hands. I think presuming a corresponding lack of cuckoo was perfectly reasonable.
CHARLEY: Though incorrect.
EEYORE: It's made of padding on a frame, not solid wood. That's why it didn't break my ribs. Careful. We don't want to nudge the mechanism so that the thing scoots back in on us.
(Footsteps on wooden boards.)
CHARLEY: No. Well.
EEYORE: Indeed.

DOCTOR: Hello.
EVANS: May I help you?
DOCTOR: This is the Visit Authorisation department, isn't it? All the doors look alike.
EVANS: It is.
DOCTOR: Right, good. I need. Hang on. Aren't you the same chap who was upstairs?
EVANS: Who?
DOCTOR: I didn't get his name, but he looked exactly like you. His desk was in a hall next to a wide staircase.
EVANS: Oh yes, that'd be Evans at the reception desk. Never met him.
DOCTOR: But
EVANS: Please state what you want. I'm very busy.
DOCTOR: There's no one else here.
EVANS: I fail to see what difference that makes. Here, fill out this form.
DOCTOR: You haven't found out what I need yet.
EVANS: The world doesn't revolve around your needs, you know.
DOCTOR: Well, of course not, but
EVANS: The form, please, and use a number two pencil.
DOCTOR: I don't seem to have a pencil. Can you loan me one?
EVANS: That is not under the jurisdiction of this department. You need to go to the Department of Communications Enabling Devices.
DOCTOR: Surely you could
EVANS: No.
DOCTOR: But there's one right there on your desk. A pencil with number two stencilled on its side.
EVANS: I am the only one authorised to use that pencil. If you want to borrow it, you need a permit. You can get one from the Department of Necessities for Daily Routine, Excepting Lavatory Paper.
DOCTOR: Lavatory paper has it's own department?
EVANS: Of course.
DOCTOR: (sighs) Just explain the way to the Communications Enabling Authority.
EVANS: (sighs) That's the Department of Communications Enabling Devices.
DOCTOR: I'm sorry.
EVANS: Communications Enabling Authority couldn't help you at all.
DOCTOR: Can anyone here help me at all?
EVANS: That question must be referred to the Rhetorical or Genuine Questions Office for a decision before any action can be implemented.
DOCTOR: I'm just going to take a couple of aspirin now. Is there an office for assistance in swallowing, liquids subdivision?
EVANS: There's a water cooler in the hall.

DOCTOR: Thank you very much.
EVANS: You're very welcome.

(Sound of rhythmic beats.)
C'RIZZ: What's that?
TIGGER: It's only a rabbit. It's an Earth animal, although we had something like them on Gallifrey, but rounder, cuddlier, if you take my meaning. Very charming.
C'RIZZ: Were they that big?
TIGGER: No, little things. So are the ones on Earth, as a rule.
C'RIZZ: So you've never seen one this size.
TIGGER: Er, no, I can't say that I have.
C'RIZZ: What is that it's doing?
TIGGER: It's twirling.
C'RIZZ: Is that usual?
TIGGER: I've never seen it. And if I've never seen it, it probably isn't to be seen. Although that attractive red animal is new to me. So is this whole universe, come to think of it.
C'RIZZ: It appears benign.
TIGGER: Well, they're extremely timid. There was this Earth movie in which the joke was a rabbit that could fly and, well, never mind. This rabbit's not like that. Clearly a contented animal. In fact, I believe it's putting itself into a trance. This certainly does seem to be a path. Neatly laid out paths, the occasion bench for resting, pretty little stream.
C'RIZZ: Oh!
TIGGER: What is it?
C'RIZZ: These are like the poyella flowers from home, only they're blue instead of yellow.
(We can't hear the beats now, just running water.)
TIGGER: Perhaps they grow here too, these poyellas of yours. Then again, specific flora is actually rarely found on more than one planet. I love purple marlets, you know? Never seen them anywhere but on Gallifrey. Or sunflowers, unique to the planet Earth. And then there's. You miss your home, don't you?
C'RIZZ: I er. Well, what's happened happened, Doctor. Anyway, someone's got to keep you two out of trouble.
TIGGER: Thank you.
C'RIZZ: I hope that your current er, difficulty resolves itself soon.
TIGGER: You mean that the three of me is a bit much.
C'RIZZ: Oh, no, I didn't mean
TIGGER: I find the situation rather unnerving myself. But I dare say it will soon sort itself out. Things generally do. Listen to that. Listen.
(Babbling stream.)
TIGGER: Almost like musical notes, or as if it were talking to us. I suppose that's why they call them babbling brooks. Ah, there goes the rabbit. My, it's fast for something that big.
C'RIZZ: Why is it
(Roar!)
C'RIZZ: No.
TIGGER: What's the matter?
C'RIZZ: It can't be.
TIGGER: What, you mean that sort of wailing, grinding, snorting noise? What is it?
C'RIZZ: It sounds like an Obelat.
TIGGER: What's an Obelat?
C'RIZZ: Well, it's a
(Roar!)
C'RIZZ: Well, it's difficult to explain, really, but er, we should go. Quickly. In fact, we should run.
TIGGER: Right.

CHARLEY: It really is the inside of a clock.
EEYORE: It certainly looks like it.
(Escapement movement audible in background.)
EEYORE: Curiouser and curiouser.
CHARLEY: I can't see a floor.
EEYORE: No, I suspect this space is deeper than it looks from the outside. We'll have to climb down.
CHARLEY: Unless we go back and look for another way in.
EEYORE: I suppose that is an option, but
(Cuck-oo! Door closes.)
EEYORE: Not any more.
CHARLEY: Oh, now it's dark.
EEYORE: Yes. Here, take this. Everlasting match. I'll go first and you light my way, then follow me. We'll take it a few metres at a time.
CHARLEY: What happens if these gears start turning?
EEYORE: About what you'd expect.
CHARLEY: I mean, do we jump?
EEYORE: Ground up or smashed, not particularly attractive options.
(Bong!)
CHARLEY: Ow!
EEYORE: Blast!
(Bong! continues)
CHARLEY: It's chiming the hour!
EEYORE: The impossible. Nothing like it.
CHARLEY: I don't understand!
EEYORE: That's because it's incomprehensible. There's no linear time in this universe, yet here we have a clock complete with
CHARLEY: Watch out!
(Swoosh.)
EEYORE: Argh! Thank you, that was a near one. This must be the lower gear for the chime hammer.
CHARLEY: Oh, Doctor, we have to hurry. If the rest of these start moving, we're for it.
EEYORE: Careful, this is a tricky bit. Hold the match steady, will you? It's not giving out much light as it is.
CHARLEY: That's not my fault. Why haven't you got a torch or something equally useful?
EEYORE: I happen to like my everlasting matches, all right? Now pass it over to me, and I'll light your way.
CHARLEY: What if it goes out?
EEYORE: It is not going to go out. It's everlasting.
CHARLEY: Here you go, then.
EEYORE: Got it. Now, can you see properly?
CHARLEY: Yes. Is this the way you climbed down?
EEYORE: That's it. Sturdy enough, but step carefully.
CHARLEY: You don't have to tell me.
EEYORE: All right, you're nearly there. Then you can
(Rumble.)
EEYORE: Charley!
CHARLEY: Doctor! The gears are moving.
EEYORE: Give me your hand.
CHARLEY: We're too far apart now!
EEYORE: I'll come to you.
CHARLEY: No, you'll fall too. Don't move, you idiot!
EEYORE: What did you just call me?
CHARLEY: Idiot! We'll both fall.
EEYORE: No, we won't.
CHARLEY: Yes, we will.
EEYORE: No, we. Oops! All right, point taken.
CHARLEY: Doctor, I'm being carried towards the sprockets. They'll crush my

hands.
EEYORE: No.
CHARLEY: I can't see anywhere to land if I let go.
EEYORE: I'm going to climb over so I'm beneath you. Argh!
CHARLEY: Doctor!
EEYORE: I'm all right, but you need to
CHARLEY: Doctor, I'm going to try to swing down to that wheel below. It's not moving as fast.
EEYORE: It's too big a chance.
CHARLEY: It's that or lose my fingers. I'm going. Oof. Oh!
EEYORE: Charley! Charley, are you all right? Say something.
CHARLEY: I'm. Oh yes.
EEYORE: Thank goodness. I don't know what I'd have done if you'd. If you'd.
CHARLEY: You're really upset.
EEYORE: I'm still him. No, still me. I still.
CHARLEY: Thank you.
EEYORE: That was an asinine move. You should have waited for me to get there.
CHARLEY: I beg your pardon. I'd have lost my fingers.
EEYORE: Pish. You panicked. And as a result you nearly got yourself killed.
CHARLEY: Don't you pish me.
EEYORE: Don't sit up. Something might be broken.
CHARLEY: No, I don't think it is.
EEYORE: Well, keep still. Lie there and catch your breath while I have a look around. I don't suppose you noticed a match landing anywhere?
CHARLEY: No. It went out, despite being everlasting.
EEYORE: Oh well, let's try another. Oh, last one. Ah well.
(Strikes match.)
EEYORE: That's better. I wonder if I have a spare candle stub somewhere.
CHARLEY: And you couldn't have thought of that earlier?
EEYORE: Obviously not. Ah, excellent. You're a bit banged up. How do you feel?
CHARLEY: Wonderful.
EEYORE: Really? You don't look wonderful. Somewhat the worse for wear. Still, it all appears to be superficial. I'll be back shortly.
CHARLEY: Don't you leave me in the dark.
EEYORE: Oh, honestly.
CHARLEY: I'm not having it, Doctor. Every time we're in a dark place and wander off, something bad happens.
EEYORE: Well, come on then, if you must. Here, don't try to jump like that, you silly girl. Take my arm.
CHARLEY: You know, I was almost beginning to like you.
EEYORE: Why?

(Roars and running.)
TIGGER: I wish you would tell me what's chasing us.
C'RIZZ: I really can't.
TIGGER: I mean, I'd very much like to know what's going to eat us.
C'RIZZ: It won't eat you.
TIGGER: Well then
C'RIZZ: Something much worse.
TIGGER: Well, there isn't much that is worse.
C'RIZZ: This is.
TIGGER: Give me a hint. Two legs or sixteen.
C'RIZZ: It doesn't really have legs.
TIGGER: No legs?
C'RIZZ: Not exactly, no.
TIGGER: Well, C'Rizz, tell me what this thing is.
C'RIZZ: Well, it has three. No, I can't. It's too complicated. Ah ha. I can tell you one thing. It hates water.

TIGGER: Hates? Oh dear.
(Splash, splash!)
C'RIZZ: Keep your head low. It's near. Quickly, under water.
TIGGER: I want to see.
(Under, then up again.)
TIGGER: Now I'll never know.
C'RIZZ: Just as well, believe me. What was it doing here?
TIGGER: It was hunting, it seems. I must say, this park isn't very safe for visitors. Reminds me of that island of dinosaurs in er, what was it now?
C'RIZZ: What I mean is, why is it on this planet?
TIGGER: I imagine this is some sort of interworld zoo. Animals and plants from all over, if they can survive here.
C'RIZZ: Doctor, I think we should leave. It might return.
TIGGER: That wouldn't do at all. I'm a bit turned around. Do you have any idea where the gate is?
C'RIZZ: No, afraid not.
TIGGER: Not to worry. We'll just find one of those paths. It's bound to lead somewhere.
C'RIZZ: We should stay near water.
TIGGER: Agreed.

DOCTOR: Hello.
EVANS: May I help you?
DOCTOR: I sincerely doubt it. Is this the Rhetorical or Genuine Questions office?
EVANS: That depends.
DOCTOR: On what?
EVANS: On whether your question is rhetorical or genuine.
DOCTOR: Are you by any chance triplets?
EVANS: That seemed genuine.
DOCTOR: Yes.
EVANS: No.
DOCTOR: Do you have a pencil you could lend me?
EVANS: Also genuine?
DOCTOR: Yes.
EVANS: No.
DOCTOR: Somehow I knew that was what you would say.
EVANS: Then why did you ask?
DOCTOR: I don't really want to be here.
EVANS: Yet here you are.
DOCTOR: I'm trying to find the person in charge. The Burgomeister, the head man or woman.
EVANS: Which one?
DOCTOR: The one who governs the town.
EVANS: We have a mayor.
DOCTOR: Where is he? Or she?
EVANS: Out. She's always out when someone wants to see her.
DOCTOR: And in when no one wants to see her.
EVANS: How did you know?
DOCTOR: Just a hunch. How do I get out? How do I get out?
EVANS: Oh, I'm sorry. I thought that was rhetorical metaphysical. You know, how does one get out? Is there another side? Can we ever get out?
DOCTOR: Obviously not. Listen carefully. I want to find the door that leads from this building.
EVANS: Oh, that's at the end of the hall. Big green thing with Way Out written on it. You can't
DOCTOR: Miss it. Yes, thank you.
(Footsteps.)

EVANS: Oh.
(Door shuts.)

CHARLEY: What is this place? The floor's hard earth, the walls are something like brick. Are we in the basement of the clock?
EEYORE: That's as good a way to put it as any.
CHARLEY: I can still hear the chimes. Doctor, listen.
(Bong, bong. Bong, bong.)
CHARLEY: Aren't they irregular for a clock?
EEYORE: Perhaps someone is trying change ringing. No, the strokes are too uneven.
CHARLEY: It's odd.
EEYORE: But a secondary problem. We must find a way out.
CHARLEY: I feel as if we've walked a couple of miles already. I hope we haven't been going in circles.
EEYORE: No, I've been chalking lines on the wall, and we haven't past any.
CHARLEY: Perhaps someone is coming behind and rubbing them out.
EEYORE: I'd have heard them.
CHARLEY: Perhaps they're silently hovering.
EEYORE: Please stop trying to annoy me. It's childish and it's counterproductive.
CHARLEY: I don't know. Makes for a bit of life. Oh, hand on. Is that a door?
EEYORE: It looks like it.
(Running.)
CHARLEY: And it is. Oh, hard as oak.
EEYORE: But it has a handle and a key hole. Here, hold the candle. Just let me get out my lockpicks and I'll have it open in two minutes.
CHARLEY: Er, what do you suppose is on the other side?
EEYORE: At this point, it doesn't matter. We can't stay here.

TIGGER: What an extraordinary bird! Did you see it? It
C'RIZZ: Doctor, I think we ought to keep moving.
TIGGER: Oh yes, of course. I'm sorry. It's just that this place is so rich with fauna. Remember the little beast that looked like a green hamster? Remarkable!
C'RIZZ: Yes. Now we have to make a choice here The path leads one way and the stream the other.
TIGGER: Well, we haven't heard the Obelat recently. Of course, he could come up on us unexpectedly. Unexpectedly for us, I mean. I imagine it would be right in line with the Obelat's plans. And this path should go somewhere, although so far it hasn't, whereas the stream might go anywhere.
C'RIZZ: Perhaps the path and the stream will reconnect.
TIGGER: Or perhaps not.
C'RIZZ: Or perhaps, as you point out, not. This er aspect of you is very cheerful, Doctor.
TIGGER: Isn't it? Thank goodness I'm usually mixed in with the others or I'd be unbearable.
C'RIZZ: We need to make a decision. I think the path's the better choice.
TIGGER: Mmm hmm, I agree.
(A few steps.)
TIGGER: Choice rewarded! There's a door in the wall.
C'RIZZ: I wish it was the same gate we came in. We don't know what might be on the other side.
TIGGER: Probably not an Obelat. Not that I'd know one if I spotted it.
C'RIZZ: You'd work it out very quickly. Well, what do you think? Should we go through, or try to find the front gate?
(Roar!)
TIGGER: I think go through, don't you?

(Charley and C'Rizz's voices overlapping, then three doors open and close at the same time.)
CHARLEY: What on Earth?
TIGGER: Hello, it's good to see you again. We have been in the most astonishing
CHARLEY: The doors have vanished.
EEYORE: So they have. Dear me, what a surprise.
C'RIZZ: Doctor. Doctors, what does this mean? What's this cave?
DOCTOR: The end of our multiple journeys. I came from an office corridor.
CHARLEY: We were in a sort of clock.
TIGGER: We were in the most fascinating
C'RIZZ: We were in a park. Well, more of a zoo, actually.
CHARLEY: So how did we all get here? Were we all really in the same place or are the places we were joined by some spatial warp?
DOCTOR: The latter, I think. Clearly we've been manipulated, run like rats through a maze.
TIGGER: (distant) Literally, I'm afraid.
(Running feet.)
TIGGER: Look down here. Even this bit of passage that we can see twists and branches off more than once.
EEYORE: A traditional labyrinth.
(Deep roar.)
DOCTOR: And with a traditional monster in it.

[Part Three]

CHARLEY: I was wondering when the monster was going to show up.
C'RIZZ: You expected it.
CHARLEY: Travelling with him, it's like see ten monsters in four days, discount rates available.
DOCTOR: I wonder what kind it is? It can hardly be a minotaur in this universe.
CHARLEY: Oh, that's a thing with a man's body and a bull's head, C'Rizz.
C'RIZZ: Fun planet, this Earth of yours.
EEYORE: Oh yes, we ought to discover what it is. Let's wait here till it arrives.
DOCTOR: I'm not sure it can find us. The labyrinth of Earth legend was built to imprison the minotaur. The victims had to be led to it. Frankly, I don't see the point of putting a monster in a labyrinth if it's not to keep it there.
EEYORE: The weak point in your argument being we are here too. And we don't know where we are in relation to it. Unless we get out, we're going to encounter it sooner or later.
C'RIZZ: But how are we going to get out? Any direction we move in could be as likely to take us towards the creature as away from it.
DOCTOR: No way to pin it down by sound. Too many echoes.
TIGGER: Well, there's nothing for it, is there, but to pick a direction and go.
EEYORE: And what if we encounter our host?
TIGGER: At least we'll know where it is. And if it attacks one of us, that means the others can run in the opposite direction.
EEYORE: It's a maze. There is no opposite direction.
CHARLEY: I think encountering it is to be avoided altogether.
C'RIZZ: There are five of us. Perhaps we could defeat it?
DOCTOR: That depends on what it is, and I doubt we'd escape without at least one of us being badly injured.
TIGGER: You know, a maze and a labyrinth aren't actually the same thing.
EEYORE: Yes, yes. A labyrinth leads in a single twisting line to its centre. A maze is broken up with dead ends and wrong turns.
TIGGER: It's simple to find your way out of a labyrinth, really. You just turn around and retrace your steps. But you can find your way out of a maze, too, though it will take longer, if you put a hand on either the right or left hand wall and follow that wall, no matter what.
DOCTOR: Yes, of course. No matter how many blind alleys or detours there are,

sooner or later we'd come out.
EEYORE: Unless we happened to be headed towards the centre. That's where the monster is most likely to be, as I imagine they lower food down to it through an opening in the roof. It would hardly do to approach the thing on foot even if you knew the way.
C'RIZZ: If we suddenly found ourselves at the centre, I doubt we could run away fast enough.
TIGGER: String!
CHARLEY: Sorry?
TIGGER: I have some string.
EEYORE: We're all very happy for you, I'm sure. Hang on. How much string?
TIGGER: A whole ball of it. Here.
CHARLEY: That's as big as a beach ball!
C'RIZZ: How could that have fitted into his pocket?
CHARLEY: He gets vague when I ask. I don't think he knows, actually.
DOCTOR: Marvellous. If you have a ball of string, then he and I must also have one. And we do.
CHARLEY: All right, we can leave a trail behind us, but it will only lead back here.
DOCTOR: But we'll have a route to follow, whereas the creature will get lost.
C'RIZZ: Why can't it just follow your string?
(Silence.)
CHARLEY: Right. Anyway, er, which way do we go?
C'RIZZ: What? What did I say?
TIGGER: I suggest straight ahead.
EEYORE: May I repeat, we are in a maze. There is no straight ahead.
DOCTOR: This way, all of you.
(Footsteps.)
EEYORE: I'm not sure about that third one of us.
DOCTOR: I don't know either of you.
EEYORE: You wish, old chap. Stuck with us, you are.
DOCTOR: Then you're stuck, as you put it, too. He came up with the string idea, don't forget.
EEYORE: Sooner or later one of us would have come up with it. We have the same mind, after all. It's the personalities that are different.
DOCTOR: Yes, I got that part.
EEYORE: You sound like me.
DOCTOR: I. Something about this whole situation is strange. Wrong, somehow.
EEYORE: I know what you mean. Slightly off.
DOCTOR: But I haven't quite worked out what it is.
EEYORE: Nor me. It's. Nothing fits together quite right, like a floor that looks even, but a marble dropped on it rolls into a corner.
DOCTOR: Exactly.
TIGGER: Like the rabbit.
EEYORE: Don't sneak up like that.
DOCTOR: What rabbit?
TIGGER: In the Garden of Curiosities. It was large, and humming. Also twirling.
EEYORE: If an animal's in a Garden of Curiosities, you should expect it to behave curiously.
TIGGER: No, it's not the behaviour that puzzles me, it's the rabbit itself. What's it doing here?
EEYORE: Twirling, you said.
TIGGER: And humming, but
EEYORE: Are you saying
TIGGER: Yes.
EEYORE: What's even a large rabbit doing here in this universe, on this particular planet?
DOCTOR: That sort of correspondence isn't impossible, of course, but it is suggestive.
TIGGER: Wrong somehow.

EEYORE: Slightly off.
DOCTOR: As if nothing quite fits.
CHARLEY: What are you three on about?
DOCTOR: Intuition. Tell me, Charley. Do you feel that this place is a bit off?
CHARLEY: A bit off? You are joking, aren't you? The whole place is tilted six ways from Sunday.
TIGGER: It's us, then.
EEYORE: It's our temporal connection.
DOCTOR: Which is impossible.
C'RIZZ: Sorry, er, has anyone heard the monster recently?
(Stop walking.)
ALL DOCTORS: Ah.
CHARLEY: I don't like this at all. Why would it stop making any noise, unless it was sneaking up.
TIGGER: Pessimism is never useful. Let's look on the bright side.
EEYORE: There is no bright side, you idiot.
DOCTOR: Shh, shh, shh. It's bound to be tracking us by sound. Stay quiet.
(They speak in whispers.)
C'RIZZ: How long do we stand like this?
CHARLEY: Until we think of a plan.
C'RIZZ: And how can we think of a plan if we can't talk to one another?
TIGGER: It's a paradox.
EEYORE: It is not a paradox, it's a dilemma. And I wish you would all shut up.
DOCTOR: There still isn't any sound of the creature. I think
(Roar!)
DOCTOR: Run!
(Running.)
DOCTOR: Charley, where are you? Give me your hand.
CHARLEY: I'm here. Where's C'Rizz?
DOCTOR: Up ahead, He's got some speed on him. Fortunately our pursuer doesn't.
TIGGER: Perhaps we'll lose him.
CHARLEY: We don't seem to be. Doctor, did you see it?
EEYORE: Too busy running for my life.
DOCTOR: Why?
CHARLEY: It was a minotaur.
TIGGER: What?
CHARLEY: Don't stop, for God's sake.
DOCTOR: But that indicates that
CHARLEY: Come on!
WAYLAND: This way.
C'RIZZ: Who's that?
EEYORE: Who cares?
WAYLAND: Quickly, follow me. Through here. This corridor's hidden. He can't find us.

(Breathless.)
DOCTOR: Thank you.
CHARLEY: More cavern.
WAYLAND: Only for a few hundred yards, then we'll be out of here.
C'RIZZ: Who are you?
WAYLAND: My name is Wayland. I built this place.
CHARLEY: What in the name of heaven for?
WAYLAND: It was to protect our central control terminal for the system that runs our environment. For our surface life we have chosen a slow pace and simplicity.
DOCTOR: But you still want hot water and modern medicine.
WAYLAND: As you say. We had engineered for ourselves a workable combination of the technical and the natural, and then they came. They presented themselves as engineers with much to teach us in return for payment

in calcium, which they use in some fashion to help propel their craft. Our mountains are full of calcite, so we struck a bargain. And it was true. They had extensive environmental shaping programmes that were far ahead of ours, only
DOCTOR: Only they took over.
WAYLAND: It was subtle at first, then we began to realise they'd infected everything. They installed their own central system in the middle of this labyrinth and sealed ours off so that we couldn't access it. We were
EEYORE: What do they look like?
WAYLAND: We never saw them. They communicated with us through robotic screens. We assume they were unable to survive on the planet itself.
EEYORE: Blast.
TIGGER: Do you think?
DOCTOR: It has to be them.
TIGGER: But there's no castle.
EEYORE: Kro'Ka lied.
DOCTOR: I don't think so.
WAYLAND: I, I'm sorry?
CHARLEY: Don't mind them. They can go on like this for hours. I'm Charley Pollard, and this is C'Rizz, and those are the Doctors.
WAYLAND: Are they triplets?
C'RIZZ: In a way.
WAYLAND: How did you come here?
CHARLEY: We'd been travelling for a while, and needed a break. This looked like a pleasant place to stop.
WAYLAND: But how did you find yourselves in the maze?
CHARLEY: Sort of by accident.
WAYLAND: That's the way it is for everyone. I come every day to see if someone is trapped here.
C'RIZZ: Has anyone been killed?
WAYLAND: I'm afraid so. I never thought my creation would be put to this hideous use.
CHARLEY: Well, the monster can't live in the exact centre, or it would destroy what it was meant to protect.
WAYLAND: Yes. It guards only the perimeter.
DOCTOR: We may be able to help you.
WAYLAND: You? But you're strangers who don't even know this society. How can you?
TIGGER: I can't yet say. We may choose one way, we may choose another. You lose nothing by letting us try.
DOCTOR: You say your own control centre is now inaccessible.
WAYLAND: Sealed behind an impregnable door.
DOCTOR: Let's have a look at it.
TIGGER: C'Rizz, I think another visit to the Garden of Curiosities is in order. You should join us, Charley.
CHARLEY: But won't the others need your help?
TIGGER: If two of me can't unseal that door, three of me won't do much better. C'Rizz, you remember that sign.
C'RIZZ: I remember the Obelat.
TIGGER: Yes, I know. Very unpleasant. But we needn't go inside this time.
CHARLEY: What's the Obelat?
TIGGER: I've never seen one.
C'RIZZ: It's difficult to explain.

TIGGER: Ah, here we are, out at last. Let's be off, then. We'll be back shortly.
WAYLAND: Where are you going?
TIGGER: Fresh air. Been underground too long. We'll meet at the town square.
WAYLAND: I had hoped all of you would help.
EEYORE: Not to worry. One of us could probably do it on his head.
WAYLAND: Oh. Well then, this way.
(Door opens.)

WAYLAND: There. In the far wall.
DOCTOR: I see. It's a series of mathematical locks.
WAYLAND: The logarithms have baffled our best mathematicians.
DOCTOR: Hmm. I think we can do this.
WAYLAND: Can you really? Our whole world will rejoice.
EEYORE: Don't fetch the confetti just yet. This will take some time.
WAYLAND: I beg your pardon?
DOCTOR: Sorry, term of art in safe-cracking. He means that it will be a bit before we get inside.
WAYLAND: Oh, I see. I'll leave you to it. Would you like anything to eat or drink?
DOCTOR: No, thank you. We'll be fine.
(Door opens, footsteps, door closes.)
DOCTOR: Small wonder they couldn't get in. Transcendental mathematics. Are you thinking what I'm thinking?
EEYORE: Yes, of course I am. This nitwit is trying to get us to break into our own Tardis.

(Horsedrawn vehicles and lots of people quickly left behind for birdsong.)
CHARLEY: What is this place exactly?
TIGGER: It's peculiar. It appears to be a zoological park for unusual animals, some of them probably from off-world. But there are very few animals, unless most of them are nocturnal, and some of them are dangerous.
CHARLEY: Like this Obelat?
C'RIZZ: Yes.
CHARLEY: But that doesn't make sense. Surely the Obelat would kill the other animals? Doesn't sound as if that rabbit would be much of a match for it.
C'RIZZ: That hadn't occurred to me.
TIGGER: It occured to me.
CHARLEY: Well, of course. That's only one of the things about this planet that doesn't fit properly. That giant clock that the Doctor and I entered the maze through. I know it had no hands, but it was still obviously a clock. What's it doing here?
TIGGER: Yes, curious, isn't it. Speaking of which, here's the sign. Tell us what it says, will you, Charley?
CHARLEY: But you already know.
TIGGER: Just tell us, please.
CHARLEY: The Garden of Curiosities, like you said.
TIGGER: How can you read it?
CHARLEY: It's in English.
TIGGER: I read it in Gallifreyan.
C'RIZZ: It's Eutermesan, actually. What does this mean?
CHARLEY: That this whole world is an illusion!
TIGGER: I'm not sure that that's altogether the case, but certainly parts of it have been drawn from our minds. From Charley and possibly from me as well, the clock, the rabbit, the minotaur. From C'Rizz the Obelat and some of his native flora. It's a pity, really, this world seems so interesting. At least that nice red animal is real.
C'RIZZ: Do you mean that the other things aren't? That the Obelat could never have hurt us?
TIGGER: No, it could have hurt us quite badly, though how exactly I don't know. These aren't illusions but constructs. They're solid enough to be felt and do damage, but their original source is our minds.
CHARLEY: But why bother? They don't serve any purpose. In fact, the clock tipped us off that something odd was going on, which I doubt whoever's in charge wanted.
TIGGER: I think much of what we've seen are by-products of the creation of a more purposeful construct. Possibly the maze. The energy wasn't controlled properly and produced a few extras. And they're often not quite right. The spinning rabbit, the clock without hands.
CHARLEY: The Divergents did all this, didn't they.

TIGGER: I'm not sure. They certainly have the power. But the Divergents have been going out of their way to stay hidden. I can't see them allowing me near them. At least, not at this point.
C'RIZZ: In any case, you came here by accident. Or do you think they anticipated your Time sickness would guide you to this world?
TIGGER: They might have done, I suppose. But if they wanted me, I suppose they could just reach out and snatch me up. Why all this subterfuge?
CHARLEY: Perhaps we shouldn't have left the other two with Wayland.

DOCTOR: It'll be good to see the old girl again. How I've missed her.
EEYORE: More to the point, she's our way out of here. And out from under the Divergent's prying eye. Do you suppose they're behind this?
DOCTOR: I hope so. I'd like to make them tell me why they're doing all this. The manipulation, the shunting between zones, the mind games.
EEYORE: I presume we have something they want.
DOCTOR: You know, they could have just asked. A bit of civility and all this messing about would have been avoided.
EEYORE: We probably wouldn't have answered them.
DOCTOR: Yes, there is that. Ah well, onward and upward. One of the things they undoubtedly want is the secret of how the Tardis works, so we can't let them in this door.
EEYORE: And I don't think hanging about is a good idea.
DOCTOR: Should we just tip-toe quietly away?
KRO'KA: Doctor.
EEYORE: Good grief. This is all we need.
DOCTOR: Oh, hello, Kro'Ka. You're here, are you? I see you're invisible again.
KRO'KA: Doctor!
EEYORE: Let's skip the melodrama, shall we, and get to the point.
KRO'KA: I have fooled you all.
EEYORE: Still with the melodrama. Do I have to point out that if you had really fooled us, you'd be inside the Tardis now?
DOCTOR: Nonetheless, good job, Kro'Ka. Inventive in many ways. You were everyone we met, weren't you? I think there really is a town out there, but you've shielded them from us and from your constructs.
EEYORE: You followed me, didn't you, anxious to correct your little error of letting me come to the very planet on which the Tardis is hidden.
DOCTOR: And the only way you could keep your masters from killing you when they discovered your mistake was to trick me into opening the Tardis. Then you could deliver it to them as a prize, and all might be forgiven.
KRO'KA: You are very clever, Doctor, and yet you are in my power.
EEYORE: In my power. Spare me. Can you get yourself some fresh dialogue?
DOCTOR: I've always been in your power, Kro'Ka. You've tortured me and my friends, and shoved us through whatever portals you wanted.
KRO'KA: But now, you are completely in my power.
EEYORE: I can't stand any more of this. I'll just go over here while you two trade clichés.
DOCTOR: He's very sensitive to the cadence of vocabulary of everyday speech. So am I, actually, only not for the past several hours. By the way, did you split us in three, or was it the journey through the portal?
KRO'KA: I didn't do it, but it plays into my hands.
DOCTOR: You don't have hands.
KRO'KA: The three of you were foolish enough to split up, and now the weakest of you is isolated.
DOCTOR: The weakest?
KRO'KA: He is dreamy, abstracted, naïve. He'll be easier to break.
DOCTOR: You're underestimating him, me, Kro'Ka. Some of my goofiest incarnations have been my sliest.
EEYORE: Hang on. Did you say break?
KRO'KA: I thought you weren't listening.
DOCTOR: Friend Kro'Ka has to get the secrets of the Tardis somehow, and

since he can't get into it, I won't let you, you know.
KRO'KA: And how will you stop me?
DOCTOR: Kro'Ka!
EEYORE: Such a winning personality. He ought to run for dictator.
DOCTOR: We have to get out of here, intercept. Where's the sealed door gone?
EEYORE: Never mind that, where's the door to the hall gone?
DOCTOR: The whole room's dissolving.
EEYORE: Oh, terrific. What do you bet we end up in the labyrinth?
(Distant roar.)
DOCTOR: Bother.

(Horsedrawn vehicles and people.)
TIGGER: All right, here's the town square where we're all supposed to meet. I want the two of you to stay here in case anyone shows up. I shall go back into the administration building and find the others.
CHARLEY: Oh, that's a terrible idea.
TIGGER: No, it isn't.
C'RIZZ: It doesn't strike me as the wisest course.
TIGGER: Wisdom isn't what's wanted here. We need spontaneity, which fortunately is my strong suit.
CHARLEY: The others are already who knows where. I don't want to lose track of you as well.
TIGGER: Good point. Here, take this ball of string. I'll tie the free end to my belt.
CHARLEY: That's not what
TIGGER: Cheerio!
CHARLEY: (distant) Oh, hang on, Doctor!
TIGGER: Sorry. Excuse me. I beg your pardon. Oh dear, was that your. I see, never mind. Ah, here we are.
(Shop door bell rings.)
TIGGER: No one home. At least, no one answering the door.
(Door opens. Footsteps.)
TIGGER: Hello? Here I am, chicken for the plucking! Fish for the frying. Goose for the er, the er er, thing you do with geese. Oh, come on then, isn't this the part where someone with a gun appears and explains everything? Not that I haven't worked out most of it. All right, wrong approach. Let's try going through a mysterious door.
(Door opens. Strangled noise.)
KRO'KA: What was that phrase you used to me earlier, Doctor? Oh, yes. Got you.
TIGGER: Will you let go of my collar?
KRO'KA: All in good time.
TIGGER: Now is an excellent time.
KRO'KA: What's that string?
TIGGER: Goodness, where did all that come from? You never know what you'll pick up on the street. Here, I'll just snap it. Oh dear, you're visible again. Please vanish. Now!
KRO'KA: None of that, Doctor. We're not in your mind now. Here, I am in control.
TIGGER: Where are the others?
KRO'KA: Trapped in the maze with the monster.
TIGGER: And I suppose I'm to join them.
KRO'KA: No, Doctor. I have special plans for you.
TIGGER: Unpleasant plans?
KRO'KA: Of course.
TIGGER: Yes, they generally are. Forgive me for getting personal, Kro'Ka, but you really are a bit of a dog's breakfast. Couldn't you put up one of those projections you use earlier?
KRO'KA: So you've guessed.
TIGGER: Guessing had nothing to do with it. You are simply not as clever as you think. There were a number of anomalies in the world you constructed that

gave you away. All right, I admit, not you specifically, but it was obvious someone was manipulating the situation.
KRO'KA: Anomalies?
TIGGER: Such as that giant twirling rabbit.
KRO'KA: Rabbit?
TIGGER: Also a green hamster. You mean you didn't know? You weren't in total control of your masquerade? Some energies leaked out and created images from our minds.
KRO'KA: No, I, well, they were.
TIGGER: Kro'Ka, Kro'Ka, you've done it again. You've messed about with equipment you're not quite sure how to use. Pinched it again too, I'll bet. Ow! Am I getting on your nerves? I've been told it's something I'm very good at. You are trying to mop up the mess you've made by letting me get to this planet. That *is* a guess, but it's spot on, isn't it. You're really extraordinarily incompetent. Why did the Divergents even take you on in the first place. Argh! Will you stop that? I have a good deal more to say and you're interrupting the flow. There's Time on this planet somewhere, and it can't be the Divergents. Well, at least it can't be if that stuff about the castle was true, and I believe it was. You were very frightened when you told me. So, if it's not the Divergents producing these tiny breezes of Time, very refreshing they are too, what is? In this universe, there are only four possibilities. The Divergents themselves, Rassilon, if he's still around, me, and the Tardis.
KRO'KA: Very good, Doctor. Top marks.
TIGGER: Where is it?
KRO'KA: That's *my* secret, Doctor.
TIGGER: Tell me where it is.
KRO'KA: I think not.
TIGGER: Now remember what I
KRO'KA: Oh, yes. You'll tell on me to the Divergents, like a tattling school boy. But you're not going to be in any condition to meet them.
TIGGER: Those unpleasant plans of yours.
KRO'KA: Exactly.
TIGGER: Let's get back to the subject. My Tardis. It's where, exactly?
KRO'KA: Why should I tell you?
TIGGER: Just to be nice?
KRO'KA: I am not the nice one here, Doctor. You are. Your sense of decency will not allow you to harm me, so there's no way to make me reveal the location of your Tardis.
TIGGER: I er. No, you have me there.
KRO'KA: And here.
TIGGER: Argh! Listen, Kro'Ka, I say this not as an enemy but as a, well, yes, as an enemy but as a friendly one. Have you ever heard of anger management classes? Ow! I think I'll just sit down on the floor for a moment.
KRO'KA: How satisfying to see you grovel, Doctor.
TIGGER: I'm not grovelling, I'm merely sitting here. Well, lying here, catching my breath.
KRO'KA: Still, you are at my feet.
TIGGER: You don't have feet. Ow! All right, we'll define a foot as anything that can kick.
KRO'KA: How puny and breakable you are.
TIGGER: As you already realised that, there's really no reason to try to prove it. We'll just agree that under your ministrations I would turn to jelly, then go our separate ways, two creatures with different philosophies but a commonality of. Oh well, hang on a minute. We must have something in common. Let's see. We both breath.
KRO'KA: How much I shall enjoy shutting your babbling mouth.
TIGGER: I don't believe that. You like having someone to listen to. It's a lonely life, isn't it, Kro'Ka? Where are the rest of your people? Are you an exile? The way you sneak around on the Divergents, I can't think you serve them all that willingly.

KRO'KA: You don't know what you're talking about.
TIGGER: Yes, I do. I may talk like a fool, but I always know what I'm talking like a fool about. I think you're as lost and cut off from your home as I am. How long have you been alone? Do you have a dream about the past, and then wake up aching because you know it's gone forever? Argh! Kro'Ka, listen. Urgh!
KRO'KA: No more talking, Doctor. It's time to go back to work.
(Doctor Tigger makes gurgling noises.)

[Part Four]

(Horsedrawn vehicles and voices.)
CHARLEY: All right, that's it. It's been nearly half an hour. Let's go.
C'RIZZ: Where?
CHARLEY: Well, if he's not here yet, he's not coming. He needs help.
C'RIZZ: How do you know?
CHARLEY: Because sooner or later, he almost always does. He attracts danger. It's as if there's something in him that draws problems close so that he can fix them. I think he knew he was headed into the thick of things and didn't tell us so we wouldn't get hurt. Drives me crazy when he does that. I keep telling him not to, but he gets all protective.
C'RIZZ: You, er, care a lot about each other.
CHARLEY: Yes?
C'RIZZ: Are you in love?
CHARLEY: It's not like that. I mean, we love each other, but. Oh, it's difficult to explain.
C'RIZZ: Like an Obelat.
CHARLEY: Rotten analogy, C'Rizz.
C'RIZZ: Love's always dangerous. (sotto) Just ask L'Da.
CHARLEY: Don't any of these streets go in a straight line?
C'RIZZ: Apparently not. All we seem to do is turn corners.
CHARLEY: Well, just keep an eye on that tower. That looks as thought it ought to be an official building. As long as we head towards it, we're all right.
C'RIZZ: It keeps moving. I mean, we keep moving and then I lose track of it. And when I see it again, it's not where I expected. Oh, speaking of which.
CHARLEY: Oh, bother. Where's it gone now?
C'RIZZ: Did it drop behind a roof?
CHARLEY: I don't think we've gone downhill enough for that to happen. Oh, well, enough of this. I'm going to ask directions.
C'RIZZ: How? We don't know their language.
CHARLEY: Well then, I'll gesture very precisely.
C'RIZZ: Oh, and they'll gesture back.
CHARLEY: They'll point. They will helpfully point and we'll go that way.
C'RIZZ: Around another corner.
CHARLEY: I could use a bit of support here.
C'RIZZ: I'm merely saying that
CHARLEY: Oi! I mean, ahem, excuse me, but can you tell. Oh. How rude.
C'RIZZ: He just walked away.
CHARLEY: Pardon me, sir, but we were wondering whether. Oh, well thanks. Very helpful.
C'RIZZ: Maybe he didn't hear you. Let me try. Hello? As you can see, I'm an alien lost on your planet. What's wrong with them?
CHARLEY: Perhaps we're on the planet of the deaf.
C'RIZZ: Then what do they have ears for. And look, they're talking to each other.
CHARLEY: Oh, this is ridiculous. What do you have to do to get their attention, set yourself on fire?
C'RIZZ: You could try jumping up and down.
CHARLEY: I want them to notice us, not think we're mad.
C'RIZZ: I'll jump with you.
CHARLEY: (laughs) You're trying to be supportive now, aren't you.

C'RIZZ: Er, yes.
CHARLEY: That's very sweet of you, but if they're likely to think I'm mad jumping up and down, what will they think if we both do?
C'RIZZ: Yes, all right. Actually, I'm surprised they're not all staring at me. I mean, I must look unusual.
CHARLEY: Now that is rude of them.
C'RIZZ: Yes. Perhaps they're simply trying to pretend I'm not here?
CHARLEY: Ah yes, don't want to disrupt their comfortable lives by admitting there might actually be someone alien in their midst. (shouts) I'm an alien, too! I'm from another planet. I'm from another universe!
C'RIZZ: Oh. Oh, that'll assure them.
CHARLEY: Support, C'Rizz.
C'RIZZ: It doesn't matter, anyway. Nobody's taking any notice. They're just going to ignore us.
CHARLEY: Unless. See, ooo, I don't know. Her.
C'RIZZ: Hmm?
CHARLEY: The woman with the basket of rolls. I'm going to jump right in front of her.
C'RIZZ: No, Charlotte, wait.
CHARLEY: Woo! There, see? She didn't even register me, but she stepped out of the way. I don't think they're actually seeing us.
C'RIZZ: Or hearing us. All right. They can sense when they have to avoid colliding with us, but they seem to do that subconsciously.
CHARLEY: To them, we're not here. Only we *are* here, so
C'RIZZ: They're not.
CHARLEY: If they're illusions, why take the trouble not to bump into us? We must be shielded from them somehow.
C'RIZZ: But when the Doctor ran off, he was dodging through them and apologising.
CHARLEY: And not noticing if anyone responded, so he wouldn't have thought it odd. And that's not like him.
C'RIZZ: It's like this him. He's impulsive, full of sudden enthusiasms.
CHARLEY: Well, that *is* like him, actually, only not all the time. I was trying to tell him that what's happened is that bits of his personality have chipped off, so that we have a sort of bouncy pixilated one, and a sane reasonable one, and er, the other.
C'RIZZ: Oh yes, you went exploring with him, didn't you. What's he like?
CHARLEY: He'd be greatly improved if something heavy dropped on him.
C'RIZZ: Oh. Oh look, the tower's visible again.
CHARLEY: So it is. We must have been walking uphill. It didn't feel like it, though. I've just been following you all this time. You've been acting as if you've some idea where to go.
C'RIZZ: I've been following this.
CHARLEY: What, is that string?
C'RIZZ: Don't you remember? The Doctor tied one end of it to his belt before he left.
CHARLEY: No wonder we haven't found our way to the administration building. You've been sending us twisting around after this silly string.
C'RIZZ: The Doctor is on the other end of this string.
CHARLEY: The Doctor was going to the administration building.
C'RIZZ: Obviously not.
CHARLEY: We don't know that this string's still attached to him. It might have ended up tied to a passing cart or something.
C'RIZZ: How would that have happened?
CHARLEY: Well, all right, it's unlikely. But if we are following the Doctor, why isn't he going where he said he was?
C'RIZZ: Well, he may be. Even though it doesn't look like it, this may be the most direct route. In any case, what we want to find is the Doctor, wherever he is.
CHARLEY: Lead on.

C'RIZZ: We should go (pause) this way.
CHARLEY: Around another corner.
C'RIZZ: Hmm. There aren't anything but corners.
CHARLEY: I know I hate to point it out. The tower's out of sight again.
C'RIZZ: You were saying something earlier about support?
CHARLEY: Sorry. Oh, this place is beginning to get on my nerves. I feel as if we're in a jigsaw puzzle, where someone's spilled all the pieces then put them back together wrong. I mean, every planet has its peculiarities, but this one doesn't even seem to match up with itself.
C'RIZZ: Internally inconsistent.
CHARLEY: Exactly. There's a zoological park full of oddities, a maze with a minotaur, and a giant cuckoo clock with no hands, and people who can't tell we're here, all jammed together. Not to mention that all the roads and paths and walls appear to converge.
C'RIZZ: If that's the case, then we're bound to come to the administration centre sooner or later.
CHARLEY: Oh, good point.
C'RIZZ: These people still aren't noticing us.
CHARLEY: I think I'm right about a shield.
C'RIZZ: Who has constructed it? None of the Doctors believe the Divergents are here.
CHARLEY: Oh, heaven knows. It's just one more puzzle in this. Hello! That's the administration building, isn't it? But we've come up to it from behind.
C'RIZZ: The string goes in that window. Do you suppose the Doctor sneaked in? How could he get up there?
CHARLEY: Oh, he has his methods. But the way things shift around here, that may well have once been the main entrance.
C'RIZZ: Well, as we can't get to the window ourselves, I suggest we go round to the present main entrance.
CHARLEY: Agreed. Oh, I hope we can find it without. Oh! Here it is.
C'RIZZ: Just round the corner of the wall.
CHARLEY: I suppose we didn't come at it from behind after all, or we did, and
C'RIZZ: The walls moved.
CHARLEY: A bit of stability would be nice at this point.
C'RIZZ: You'll be lucky. The steps seem solid enough.
CHARLEY: Very official looking doors. Most impressive.
C'RIZZ: And most unlocked.
CHARLEY: Open to the public. How terribly democratic.
(Door opens.)
CHARLEY: Looks ordinary enough. Awfully empty though.
C'RIZZ: Wait. A bit of caution, perhaps? After all, this place is probably full of surprises.
CHARLEY: You think this could be a trap?
C'RIZZ: It's worth considering.
CHARLEY: Hmm. We need a decoy. Let's see if I have anything on me. Oh, the candle holder. Well, I won't be needing that again. Right, here goes.
(Plink of metal on stone floor. Thump! They jump.)
C'RIZZ: That was an extremely large trap door.
CHARLEY: And what do you bet it's opened above an extremely long drop. I think back to the window, don't you?
(Running.)
C'RIZZ: I hope it's in the same place.
CHARLEY: We're in luck. It's still here. Unfortunately, it's still as high. Do you think you could climb that tree, go out on that branch and leap inside?
C'RIZZ: Er, no.
CHARLEY: Sure?
C'RIZZ: Quite sure. I don't like heights.
CHARLEY: Oh, you big brave soldier, you. But there's no harm in me trying.
C'RIZZ: There's quite a bit of harm in you trying, actually. You might fall.
CHARLEY: Oh, I'm a champion faller. You should have seen me in that clock.

Oh, come on. Give me a leg up.
C'RIZZ: Charlotte, please show some sense. You can see from here it won't work. But nothing says we have to go in that particular window. Look, if we note where the one we enter through is in relation to this one, we should be able to locate the string from inside.
CHARLEY: You're right, you're right. I was just being silly. It's just I'm a little more adventurous, it seems.
C'RIZZ: Well, come on then, Miss Little More Adventurous, let's search for a lower window.

EEYORE: Well, here we are again, doomed to certain death. It's becoming tiresome. More of the same, and then more more of the same.
DOCTOR: It's not getting any closer.
EEYORE: Well, that's something. Do we have anything we can use to defend ourselves?
DOCTOR: Balls of string.
EEYORE: Not much help there.
DOCTOR: No, not really, no, but did you see it earlier, this monster?
EEYORE: No.
DOCTOR: Charley did. She says it's a minotaur.
EEYORE: But that's
DOCTOR: Yes.
EEYORE: They're taking images from our minds
DOCTOR: And Charley's, and C'Rizz's. It's certainly possible for this culture to have mazes, but I suspect this one is drawn from our knowledge of Greek myths.
EEYORE: Some things are askew, like that clock without hands. Illusions?
DOCTOR: I think constructs, don't you? Artificial but material.
EEYORE: Yes, that would make more sense. In that case
(Roar!)
EEYORE: Oh dear. What do you suppose would happen when construct met construct?
DOCTOR: Let's find out. Stand against the wall. Good. When it charges, we leap to the side.
EEYORE: I'm not convinced this is the ideal
(Very close roar, then a hiss.)
DOCTOR: What do you know, right through the wall.
EEYORE: It must have reconstituted itself on the other side.
DOCTOR: I wonder where it is now?
EEYORE: Who can tell? Space is so fluid here, everywhere seems to be somewhere else as well.
DOCTOR: There's just the barest possibility. No, the wall is solid for us. Shame.
EEYORE: Start walking?
DOCTOR: Start walking.

C'RIZZ: Now, if we're on the right track, and I believe we are, then we should come to
CHARLEY: Look! The string's running out from under that door. Oh, superb navigating, C'Rizz.
C'RIZZ: Thank you.
CHARLEY: Now it goes down this staircase. Marble. This is elegant. Hey, you'd look good with a nice marble effect skin. Can you do that? Go on, you know you want to.
C'RIZZ: Maybe later. And more importantly, the stairs might lead to one of the public spaces.
(Walk down stairs.)
CHARLEY: You never know. Still think you'd look good all marbley.
C'RIZZ: I heard that. Eutermesan ears, you know. I was right about the stairs. Look, the main doors. We're coming down to the atrium.
CHARLEY: Floor's back in place, I see. And there's the end of the string in the

middle of it. We've lost him.
C'RIZZ: Only temporarily, I'm sure. Hmm, I wonder if that floor's safe now.
CHARLEY: We don't know where to begin to search. Oh, we may as well go back upstairs, and then, when we get to the hall we'll start methodically.
(Run up stairs.)
CHARLEY: What happened to the hall?
C'RIZZ: It's turned into more of your precious marble steps, only these ones go down.
CHARLEY: Oh, honestly. Well, nothing to do but continue. What are you doing?
C'RIZZ: Look at the ceiling.
CHARLEY: More stairs?
C'RIZZ: That's absurd. We must be looking at the underside of a staircase on the next storey.
CHARLEY: But they're carpeted.
C'RIZZ: All right, there's a staircase on the ceiling. Doubtless some architectural innovation native to this society. And very innovative it is. Useless, of course, but an interesting concept.
CHARLEY: I think we'd better just deal with these steps we're on. Who knows what they'll decide to do. They could go up again, or sideways.
C'RIZZ: Or lead right into a wall.
CHARLEY: Oh, blast! Well, we'll just have to retrace. Oi, where's the staircase?
C'RIZZ: It's becoming very tiresome.
CHARLEY: Well, that's one word for it. Well, at least we have a hall to go along, and plenty of doors on either side. Hmm, let's see. This one's empty, and this one's an office. No one in it, though, and another empty office.
C'RIZZ: I'll take the other side.
CHARLEY: Office, office, oh, and guess what.
C'RIZZ: An office?
CHARLEY: No, a room full of lavatory paper.
C'RIZZ: Then where is everyone? This place should be full of, well, whoever lives in offices, I suppose.
CHARLEY: Boring men in suits, and prim and proper secretaries.
C'RIZZ: Well, no one's around.
CHARLEY: Well, that's one bit of luck, then. Right, more stairs through this door.
C'RIZZ: New stairs?
CHARLEY: Yes. Let's go.
C'RIZZ: But where do they lead?
CHARLEY: Out of this place, I hope. Come on.

EEYORE: Not very interesting, is it.
DOCTOR: No.
EEYORE: All the dangers I've faced, I never thought I'd die of boredom.
DOCTOR: Oh, we'll die of thirst first.
EEYORE: Cheerful.
CHARLEY: Doctor!
DOCTOR: Charley!
EEYORE: What are you doing here?
CHARLEY: Follow me. I've left C'Rizz holding the door open.
DOCTOR: How did you find a door?
CHARLEY: Well, we were upstairs, wandering through the hallways and not finding you, so I opened an office door at random and instead of an office there was a flight of stairs.
DOCTOR: And they lead directly here?
CHARLEY: Isn't that strange? We keep coming in different ways and meeting one another. The maze is everywhere and the administration building is everywhere.
EEYORE: And the castle
DOCTOR: Is everywhere. The fortress of the turning powers. This is Caerdroia.

KRO'KA: Wake up, Doctor. I want you conscious for this.

TIGGER: Oh, you're still here. I hoped it was a nightmare.
KRO'KA: It soon will be.
TIGGER: Mmm, no racks, no hot pokers, no iron maidens. All to the good. Only walls of ooo, I'm impressed. That's some very sophisticated looking machinery. How intriguing. I don't suppose you'd unstrap me, let me have a closer look? No, I didn't think so. So what next? Want to visit my mind again? The welcome mat is out, the door is always open.
KRO'KA: I'm not going to enter your mind. I will draw information from it.
TIGGER: I see. Not the mind nudge, but the brain drain.
KRO'KA: It will hurt.
TIGGER: Yes, you'd rather implied that. Will I survive?
KRO'KA: Yes, but you'll wish you hadn't.
TIGGER: Oh, stop being fiendish and get on with it. What is it, anyway? How does the process work?
KRO'KA: Curious to the end.
TIGGER: Well, as I'm not going to have my mind much longer, I'd like to use it while I still can.
KRO'KA: You know, Doctor, I admire you.
TIGGER: Really? Thank you.
KRO'KA: You have courage and integrity. You fight evil fiercely but are capable of mercy. To save a universe you chose permanent exile from everything you knew and at the cost of one of your senses. You are truly heroic.
TIGGER: Pity to destroy me, then.
KRO'KA: It is a necessity to destroy you. You threaten all the Divergent's plans.
TIGGER: Which are what, exactly? Who am I going to tell? My mind will be mush. Come on. The last request. All right, all right. All right, fine. Then you can at least explain what you're going to do with me. It's only fair. How does this thingy work?
KRO'KA: There's no need to go into complexities. All you have to know is that the wires will penetrate your brain and draw out your memories. They will be stored, then the Divergents will scan them for the secrets of the Tardis.
TIGGER: All of my memories? That's several hundred years worth, you know. Couldn't you just take information about the Tardis?
KRO'KA: Unfortunately the instruments are not that precise.
TIGGER: That's an extraordinary amount of scanning. I'm surprised the Divergents have time for such menial tasks. Why don't you simply edit the memories for them first? I mean, surely you know how to do that? After all, you must have followed the similar work going on in Light City. And what did you get from Setarus? Three versions of the same mind, Major Koth's. And what do we have here? Three versions of me. I'd say you've been paying very careful attention, Kro'Ka, wouldn't you?
KRO'KA: Shut up! I will not be able to access those memories. Only the Divergents can.
TIGGER: So they'll have to search all of my memory.
KRO'KA: Yes.
TIGGER: Including the part about your stealing the mind probe and then not knowing how to use it, and then letting me escape to the planet where the Tardis is.
KRO'KA: I will, I will tell them I brought you here only to break into the Tardis.
TIGGER: What about the first two mistakes? Are you hiding from the Divergents, Kro'Ka? Hmm? You must be. If they had any idea what you were doing, they'd squash you flat as a pancake. You know about pancakes? Breakfast item, extremely flat. Somehow you're shielding yourself from your actions, desperately trying to set things straight before your next report. I don't think you want the Divergents anywhere near my memories, or me, for that matter. Bit of a dilemma for you. If you make sure they never find me, they won't like it. And if they find me, and interrogate me, they won't like it. Squashed, either way.
KRO'KA: I will kill you.
TIGGER: (scoffs) Don't be silly. They really won't like that. Now unstrap me, like a good fellow. Ow!

KRO'KA: You have destroyed me, Doctor.
TIGGER: Not really. I just waited around for you to destroy yourself. I knew that eventually you'd be hoist on your own petard. Most people don't understand that properly, by the way. A petard is a sort of land mine, not a spear.
KRO'KA: Will you shut up!
TIGGER: You don't want me to shut up. I can tell you how to save yourself.
KRO'KA: How?
TIGGER: Just tell me what the Divergents are up to, and how to find them. That's all. I'll stop them soon enough. You know I can, you said so yourself. Ow!
KRO'KA: There are less complicated ways to get information from you, and I will get it. Long before I finish, you'll wish I'd ruined only your mind.
(Door closes.)

KRO'KA: We shall see, Doctor. I'll find out exactly how much pain you can endure.
DOCTOR: Not a lot, actually.
KRO'KA: Doctor!
DOCTOR: A hangnail pretty much reduces me to tears. By the way, I couldn't help overhearing. Are you planning to torture me?
KRO'KA: How did you escape the labyrinth?
DOCTOR: There is no labyrinth. Or rather, the labyrinth is also these hallways, and somehow, I imagine, all the roads in the town eventually lead here. Where are they?
KRO'KA: Who?
DOCTOR: The Divergents, Kro'Ka. I know they're here. We're on Caerdroia.
KRO'KA: You're mistaken.
DOCTOR: Where are they hiding? Or is it you whose hiding, right under their noses until you can get me sorted out and save your life?
KRO'KA: It is your life you should worry about, Doctor.
DOCTOR: I think not. Your masters want me alive.
KRO'KA: There are still the other two.
(Running.)
KRO'KA: I will catch you and crush you, Doctor!
DOCTOR: No, thank you. Stairs. Well, better up than down.
KRO'KA: I will make you sorry you ever came to this universe!
DOCTOR: I'm already sorry. I was sorry the moment I arrived.
KRO'KA: There is no way out!
DOCTOR: Except this convenient door.
(Into the clock tower.)
KRO'KA: You're trapped, Doctor. I've locked you in. Now let the vibrations in the bells do their work! You will tell me everything then.
(The Doctor screams as the peal of church bells sounds.)
KRO'KA: I have them both. I can make one of them talk. I know I can make one of them talk.
EEYORE: Will I do?
KRO'KA: Am I never to be free of you?
EEYORE: No. I'm everywhere, like the castle.
KRO'KA: You have no time to waste on me. You must save your other selves.
EEYORE: Exactly what I plan to do. Let's see. You have two of us, the responsible one and the loony one. That leave me. Which one do you think I am?
KRO'KA: I, I
EEYORE: I'm the nasty one.
KRO'KA: Absurd! You are the Doctor! Your reputation is
EEYORE: Well, it isn't precisely my reputation, is it? Two of me are missing from the mix. Lovely chaps, both of them. Decent, honourable, compassionate. No wonder they're in trouble. They keep a sharp eye on me, step in when I'm likely to get up to mischief. Only they're not here now.
KRO'KA: Don't bluff me, Doctor. I am your physical superior
EEYORE: Arguable.

KRO'KA: And you are ethically incapable.
EEYORE: Why are you backing away like that if you say I can't hurt you?
KRO'KA: What are you
EEYORE: I only want to place my hand here.
KRO'KA: Do not touch
EEYORE: Against your temple.
KRO'KA: Ah!

KRO'KA: You're in my mind.
EEYORE: The others never allow me to invade a mind. Perhaps they have a point. It's a dump.
KRO'KA: Please, please, please.
EEYORE: Painful, isn't it. You might remember that the next time you plan to take a stroll round someone's cerebellum.
KRO'KA: What, what do you want?
EEYORE: What do you think I want! The others, of course. Where have you put them?
KRO'KA: I won't tell you. You can't stay here and bully me. You'll have to search for them.
EEYORE: I'll stay here as long as I please. There's no particular reason to hurry, unless you happen to be torturing them. I'll just bet you are. It's so much your style. Clichéd and ugly. Where are they?
KRO'KA: One is in pain and the other soon will be! You'd better leave now, Doctor, if you want to help them.
EEYORE: You haven't been listening, Kro'Ka. Which one am I?
(Kro'Ka screams.)
EEYORE: Which one am I?
KRO'KA: You are still the Doctor. You will not
EEYORE: Oh, Kro'Ka. Don't be silly. Of course I will.
(Kro'Ka screams.)
EEYORE: Now I want to know where they are. Do you think I can persuade you to tell me?

TIGGER: (singing) Fourteen bottles of beer on the wall, fourteen bottles of beer. Take one down, drink it down, thirteen bottles of beer on the wall.
(Door opens.)
TIGGER: Thirteen bottles of beer
EEYORE: You can shut up.
TIGGER: I'm glad you're here. I started at five hundred bottles, and things were getting a bit stale.
EEYORE: What's all this equipment? Don't tell me he was going to use the brain drain on you. What an embarrassing way to die.
TIGGER: Would you please unstrap me? Where are the others?
EEYORE: Wandering the halls, I expect. Not much else to do here. We need to get to the other one as well. He's in an extremely unpleasant situation.
TIGGER: How did you find me? Where's Kro'Ka? Oh, yes. Oh dear. You ought
EEYORE: Don't go all morally superior on me. I'm part of you. Remember that.
TIGGER: Yes, I'm afraid you are.
EEYORE: There, that's done it. Come on.

(Church bells pealing.)
DOCTOR: What was that? You're repeating the code. What are you saying? What are you trying to tell me?

C'RIZZ: All the doors lead to stairs.
CHARLEY: Oh, how are we ever going to find him?
TIGGER: Hello. Good to see you.
EEYORE: Follow me.
C'RIZZ: You know where they are?
EEYORE: Why do you think I said follow me. Now follow me.

CHARLEY: Where have you been?
EEYORE: Nowhere nice. Here, this is the door.
(Door opens. Distant church bells.)
TIGGER: I really hope we're not up there.
(Running up stairs.)
CHARLEY: Oh, this bolt is stuck.
C'RIZZ: Here.
(Heaves. Door opens.)
TIGGER: There he is.
CHARLEY: Oh, grab his arms, pull him out.
TIGGER: It's all right, Charley, he's alive.
(Door closes.)
TIGGER: Let's get him downstairs. He's trying to say something.
CHARLEY: Get him into the hall, lay him on the floor.

EEYORE: Is he all right?
TIGGER: He appears to be. He's not very articulate just yet.
DOCTOR: Spoke to me.
C'RIZZ: The bells?
DOCTOR: The Tardis.
CHARLEY: What? What did she tell you?
DOCTOR: I'm not certain. I only have part of it. She's giving me directions, but I can't tell from where to where.
TIGGER: Oh.
EEYORE: Care to clue us in?
TIGGER: The Tardis did it.
EEYORE: No clearer, is it.
TIGGER: It wasn't the result of coming through the portal. The *Tardis* split us in three.
C'RIZZ: What for?
EEYORE: Of course. What a fool I've been. Charley, remember the chimes in the clock?
CHARLEY: What, the chimes that shouldn't have been there?
TIGGER: The musical brook in the garden.
CHARLEY: Even the cow bells. That's why they were following us.
EEYORE: The Tardis was using them to transmit her own vibrations, trying to speak to us.
TIGGER: She couldn't convey her whole message in only one pitch and tone through only one instrument. There had to be enough of us to spread out to be sure of getting all the pieces.
CHARLEY And now you have, now what?
EEYORE: I suppose we'll have to commune mentally. This jumping in and out of other people's minds is beginning to get on my nerves.
CHARLEY: But this will be your mind.
EEYORE: Even worse. How would you like to go somewhere different and be in the same place, or stay in the same place and be somewhere different. It's very disorienting.
TIGGER: But rather fun.
EEYORE: Please be quiet.
DOCTOR: Gentlemen, please. This dissension is unseemly. We are, after all, a unit. Now, let's fall into the same trance.
C'RIZZ: When they're still like that, they look eerie. Even more alike than twins.
CHARLEY: It's because they're not twins or triplets. Something much more basic.
EEYORE: Oh.
TIGGER: I see!
DOCTOR: Let's go.
(Footsteps.)
CHARLEY: Oi, hang on! What was the message?
TIGGER: Sorry. It's very useful, actually. The Tardis is in the centre of the

labyrinth. And as that would be rather difficult to find, the whole idea of a labyrinth being that you're not er, no, no, sorry, that's a maze. Well, in any case, as that would be difficult.
EEYORE: She's told us how to get there.
TIGGER: Well put.

KRO'KA: I never, I never thought that you could find that. I never.
(Roar! Kro'Ka screams and squishes as a double beat sounds in the background.)
KRO'KA: I have to go. We have to go. That creature. I never knew a duplicate could hurt me.
RASSILON: Hurt you? I should hope so. you've broken our contract, spoiled our plan.
KRO'KA: Sir, please, I've not, actually. Argh!
RASSILON: Listen to me very carefully, Kro'Ka. Wheels are in motion here. Events far more important that you and your schemes. We had a deal, and you broke it. I fear I must now break you.
KRO'KA: No, no, argh!

(Running.)
TIGGER: She's here!
DOCTOR: Oh, I was afraid I'd never see her again.
CHARLEY: You needn't stare. The Tardis really is here.
EEYORE: Yes, you're right. No need to be sentimental. Who has the key?
TIGGER: I think we all do.
(Tardis door unlocked.)
CHARLEY: What are you waiting for?
TIGGER: Well, goodbye. Goodbye, old chap. Lovely to have met you. Goodbye C'Rizz, Charley.
C'RIZZ: What do you mean? Will you recombine once you enter the Tardis?
DOCTOR: I'm fairly certain
EEYORE: Then don't lag about.
CHARLEY: Oi, don't push him. Oh, he's gone.
C'RIZZ: They're both gone.
DOCTOR [OC]: Come in, you two.
(Tardis door closes.)

DOCTOR: Home. I'm home. I'm home! (he hums.)
C'RIZZ: This is astonishing.
CHARLEY: Oh, right. I didn't warn you about the bigger on the inside thing. This isn't all of it. There are rooms and rooms.
C'RIZZ: How many?
CHARLEY: No one knows.
C'RIZZ: Are you certain that
CHARLEY: The flaky one didn't come in? No, that's all of him. You've just never seen him happy.
DOCTOR: All right, to work. They can't hide now.
CHARLEY: The Divergents?
DOCTOR: This is Caerdroia, the labyrinth, the fortress, the illusion, and this is where they are. Kro'Ka shielded himself and his machinations from them, who knows how. He has more power than I'd given him credit for, but they're here. Their time traces will give them away. The Tardis can locate (pause)
C'RIZZ: What is it?
DOCTOR: They're gone, and only minutes ago. You can see their trail degenerating. They must have fled as soon as they felt the probe from the Tardis.
C'RIZZ: But if they ran, they're afraid.
CHARLEY: They don't want to take you on.
DOCTOR: Surely not. I simply caught them off guard because of Kro'Ka's shield. They had no idea where I was, and then pop! I show up in the Tardis.

CHARLEY: And they hare right out of here.
C'RIZZ: If you caught them by surprise once, you can do it again. Now that you've got this Tardis thing back, they no longer have the advantage.
DOCTOR: You're right. With the Tardis, I can elude them until I'm ready to face them on my own terms. We can't travel in Time any more, but all of space is ours.
CHARLEY: A new universe.
DOCTOR: A new universe.
(Tardis engines.)